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THE BENEVOLENT MILLIONAIRE

THE

MINISTERIAL LEGACY.

BY A LADY.

Go forth, little trembler, unfold thy timid wing;
Thy mission well perform, sustained by the Heavenly King.

ROCHESTER:
PUBLISHED BY E. DARROW & BROTHER,
No. 65 MAIN STREET.
1858.

TO NEW YORK
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BY E. DARROW & BROTHER,

In the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight.

A. Strong & Co., Printers, Rochester, N. Y.

Stereotyped by C. H. McDonell, Rochester, N. Y.

PREFACE.

In order to be read by the masses, it seems to have become necessary to clothe literary productions in the garb of fiction. It is not, therefore, with unshaken confidence that I offer to the public these unassuming letters. Could I have realized the task, before commencing the work, I should have shrunk from it. It has required no small degree of courage to expose myself to criticism, which, however, I think I shall be able to bear with a goodly degree of fortitude. Courage is considered a laudable, a glorious trait in man. Why not in woman?

It is meet that every one should put forth an effort to do good; if, therefore, this attempt prove but as the "widow's mite," yet is the author justified in making it. I wish I could have produced something more acceptable, yet I feel persuaded that the public will generously overlook faults, when they consider the object at which it aims. Though poor the offering, yet I feel that God will in a measure bless it. I rely upon the promise of our heavenly Father, "whatsoever ye ask in faith, believing, ye shall receive." I have asked my heavenly Father to bless this my work of months. And I ask the watchmen upon Zion's walls, not to stay the course of this my book, because it be less elegantly and tersely written than the productions of their gifted pens.

Though the desire of the critic remain unsated, he may fall back upon the consoling thought that the money paid for the book remains unwasted so long as it goes to aid in sustaining the young "Soldier of the Cross," as he wearily toils at his task.

Were I to give a detailed account of the manner in which this subject was brought to bear upon my heart, the discouraging circum-

stances which have afflicted me—the encouraging incidents which impelled me on, it would fill many pages. Disappoint me not, dear friends! I expect large sales; not on account of the merit of the work; but because it has, for its object, the good of mankind—because our God works in a mysterious way, in and through weak instrumentalities—because it has been written under the inspiration of a good, not an evil genius. David, divested of his "coat of mail," could only approach the Goliath with simple sling and pebble, who sneeringly asked, "Am I a dog that thou comest to me with staves?"

One half of the profits of this work will be devoted to aid students of theology, laboring under pecuniary embarrassments.

It was my first intention to confine my object to one denomination, but as I had a particular friendship for another, and believing there were Christians among all, equally beloved by the dear Saviour, and as I have no disposition to bigotry, it shall be both my duty and privilege to aid all, whose pleasure it may be to patronize my book.

To any six young men in Rochester, Utica, and Seneca Falls, who will pledge themselves to refrain now and forever from the use of intoxicating drinks and profane language, I will present, individually, a copy of the "Ministerial Legacy." Where is the young man, after having indulged in irreverent language, who does not feel that he has polluted his own breath, offended his Maker, dishonored himself, and insulted his friend? Where is the young man, who does not feel, whenever he quaffs the liquid fire, that he is taking one step further in the road to ruin? that he is destroying his health, and blighting his prospects of happiness both here and hereafter?

I invite the wealthy portion of community to purchase and present to the poor and needy, the sick and afflicted, this volume, remembering it is "more blessed to give than to receive."

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LETTER I.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE features of this work being of a somewhat novel cast, it is proper I should give to its readers some of the reasons which have induced me to offer these simple and unassuming letters.

The term *novel*, in its literal signification, we understand to mean something new; but, as denoting a branch of literature, it is generally used as the name of all ficticious composition. It is commonly supposed to have originated among the people of Asia. Among eastern fictions the Arabian Nights' Entertainments are best known.

In more modern times they were introduced and revived by a set of strolling bards and story-tellers in France, called Troubadours, who went about proclaiming the deeds of imaginary heroes, in order to prompt to acts of chivalry. Novel-writing was introduced into England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and since that time has gradually extended, till now more novels issue from the press than works of almost any other description.

Great diversity of opinion as to the utility of such a branch of literature exists. It is conceded that some are remarkable for the high moral tone that pervades them; some are negative in their character, while others are positively pernicious in their effects.

In all probability more pages of ephemeral novels are published yearly than of all other literary productions united, and read, too, by the class of persons, who have no moral strength to resist their vicious influence. It is said that the German press alone, since 1814, has produced not less than five or six thousand new novels, embracing several millions of volumes, for the most part bad in their influence, scattering broadcast their demoralizing and soul-destroying power.

If then, permit me to ask, the people will devour this host of corrupt and trashy reading, will not the Christian public give encouragement to a work harmless in its bearings?

I am aware that it is a difficult task to render letters, unendeared by personal affection, acceptable to the public taste.

Tact and vivacity are essential; such a blending of nature and cultivation as constitute the epistolary art, being quite as unusual as the same thing in a companion.

The very nature of a letter is egotistical; it is printed talk. Consequently the transfer of a letter from domestic and social life to literature, is a hazardous experiment. Stripped of all individuality of feeling, devoted wholly to generalization, conveying no echo from the heart and animation from the real life of the writer, published letters are spiritless.

It becomes me to explain to you one of the reasons, which has induced me to toil month after month at this my task, which, now completed to the best of my ability, I offer for your perusal.

A feeling of sympathy having been awakened in behalf of students of theology, laboring under pecuniary embarrassments, and having no revenue I could call my own, I found it impossible to follow the dictates of my heart. It is an indisputable truth that the "lords of creation" claim an undivided control over the purse, protesting that woman needs only food

and raiment. Thus we, the ladies of creation, must remain content to hide our powers. The fanaticism in which man rushes on in the road of wealth, is becoming frightfully alarming. Riches must be had; no matter how. In consequence of which the better part of community, the meek and lowly and Christian, is left to grapple with poverty. The prevailing love of pleasure chills the better feelings into selfishness; habits of reckless indulgence seem to have checked the growth of honest principles early implanted, and the love of display uproots forever from the heart the good seed of virtue. Man becomes so immersed in business, having the financial care of perhaps some half dozen business establishments, that in time his brain reels. See! now he trembles. Stayed by a just God; the wheels of prosperity begin to stop; the star of prosperity becomes dim, and soon he who rolled in wealth is a bankrupt. The soft music which was wont to float in entrancing, rapturous strains through his gorgeously furnished apartments, has died away to be superseded by less enchanting notes of summer friends. And as surely as man revels within the gay walls of a lordly mansion, will disappointment, sorrow and death enter there. And so sure as we bear the lamp of faith, enkindled at a celestial fire, it will lead us home to heaven, whence evermore radiate unsullied joys.

It is strange, how few hearts beat in sympathy, remaining strangers to communion and fellowship. In life, there is not too much of romance, thus to exclude from the heart the very holiest of life's thrilling emotions. It is wonderful, how hearts easily wounded, alive to every slight, so strangely stray from true politeness and pure philanthropy. Though proudly the millionaire's name may figure on the subscription list to the erection of some massive public edifice, his lip scornfully curls, as he glances at the miserably poor object, who crouches

beside his marble steps. Alas! when shall we learn that life is something more than a mere animal existence, that we are to look, in order to fulfil our mission here, beyond self, outside our own personal enjoyment. God's judgments to man for his unmercifulness and overbearing pride are sometimes irresistible. "Therefore, consider, O thou that art given to pleasure, that dwellest carelessly, lest an overruling power say unto thee, come down and sit in the dust; sit thou silent, for thou shalt no more be called great. Hadst thou hearkened to my commandments; then had thy peace been as a river and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea." Lift now up thine eyes, O lady, put on the beautiful garments of charity, and gather to thy heart the wails of the disconsolate! How beautiful upon the highway are the feet that bring good tidings to the suffering! While inexhaustible riches flow into your treasury, you may sport at what the world calls freaks of fortune. But, as you live, there is a God in Israel, who will not always chide, neither will he keep his anger forever.

You, who have spent your thousands upon tens of thousands to rig and man your ships-of-war, your merchant vessels which far outstrip the course of "Old Ship Zion," half rigged and manned; have you ever thought it was through the benevolence of the great "I Am," he who plants his footsteps in the deep, and rides upon the storm, that you have been permitted to ride in safety o'er the treacherous wave, beneath which, should he for a single moment withdraw his sustaining power, you must sink, to rise no more forever?

Many of you look listlessly on, while "Old Ship Zion" moves tardily, the waves of oppression dashing heavily against her, and threatening every hour to engulph her in the mighty surges of sin. Arouse from your lethargy! lest in wrath Jehovah come, and with a single stroke of his mighty power,

dash from your grasp, both principal and interest, for the day is rapidly hastening on, in which you must give a strict account of your stewardship.

Change is stamped upon all things terrestrial. To-day, man goeth forth in pompous vanity, aristocratic pride swells his bosom—to-morrow, he lies writhing beneath some unforeseen calamity; to-day, lofty edifices rear their magnificent fronts—to-morrow, they lie a blackened mass of ruin beneath our feet; to-day, the infant babe twines its loving arms about its parent's neck; to-morrow, it lies quiet in death; to-day, the beautiful steamer cuts loose its moorings in stateliness and parts the rippling wave; to-morrow, the clouds gather blackness, the winds bellow, the scattered waters rave, the forked lightnings flash, heaven's loud artillery roars, the vessel rocks to and fro, the silent prayer ascends, "Save, O Lord, or we perish!" Nobly she battles with the surging waves. See! the sails rent, and the stout mast shivers, the bending timbers creak. Oh horror! she sinks—down, down to the caverns of the mighty deep. The winds cease their wailing, the storm stays its dashings, the sun faintly smiles, and a terrible stillness pervades the waters.

To-day, man's heart beats high with buoyant hope of the future; to-morrow, the heart-strings break in death.

LETTER II.

TO PROFESSORS OF RELIGION.

DEAR FRIENDS: There appears to be a great lack of interest in meeting our pecuniary obligations to ministers of the gospel.

To some of my readers, it may appear superfluous in me to attempt to write on this subject. Yet, if the simple falling from a tree of an apple, proved suggestive to the mind of a Newton, so an idea, dropped from the ungifted pen of the writer, may be caught at by master minds. The evils attendant upon the ministry, are, by no means, unimportant, and it is hopeless to expect a radical cure. But I fear those who are best able to judge, will agree with me that the general drift of action, particularly among those who hold the reins of government, will remain unaltered, until at least a more powerful plea than I am able to put forth shall be made. The trees of the forest, the hills and valleys of the globe, are scarcely more diversified than are the opinions of men, even on religious subjects. What a variety of qualifications in a minister seem to be necessary in order that he be enabled to give general satisfaction.

To suit one class, he must have gifts of genius; to suit another class, he must go back to simple language and intense feeling. For mothers, he must heed alone the untaught

impressions and uncultivated expressions of nature; others, regard alone the personal address of the man. And who, I ask, is equal to these things?

Can we not sympathize in an honest expression of heartfelt sorrow for our pastors?

It is the lot of almost every minister to introduce sentiments, to which some of his people are opposed, and for which reason they are, according to the importance of the sentiment advanced, held in like estimation. His situation is not unlike to that of Columbus, when advancing a new geographical theory for which he was ridiculed, and suffered to languish for years, deprived of power to test its truth. In like manner, ministers are often disabled in their influence over men, on account of the slight received at the hands of lay members, who may have given the subject a far less copious investigation than the pastor, whose time is more occupied with literature.

The audacity of many introduces them to the private parlor of the clergy, where every word is caught at, carried away and commented upon, until it is made to mean just what it was never intended to mean, as though a Christian minister had no right over his own words or ideas.

But notwithstanding all the embarrassments of their lot, "truly, their lines are fallen in pleasant places," when compared with Paul and John, and a host who have passed away.

Even at this late day there are a few to be found who contend that it is the duty of a minister to labor during the week for the support of himself and family, and gratuitously preach on the Sabbath to the people. A minister should have a salary sufficient to the support of his family, paid each quarter in advance. What right have the people to make of their pastor a pauper? telling him we will give you so much for the year, such

a part in money, the remainder to be made up in a donation of just what we please; "beggars have no right to be choosers." Donation time comes around. The minister's house must be disarranged from bottom to top, the time of some dozen families spent in making preparations, food enough provided to feed half the town, then a week or more must be spent in replacing and cleaning up. Articles, unsuited to the taste of the wife, have been brought in, and she forced to wear things she never would have purchased.

Away with your ministerial donation parties! A downright degradation to the ministry, and were they not in possession of more humility than the writer, they would spurn them as a perfect insult.

Give to your minister as good a salary as you are able to; make to him a gift worthy his reception, and pay up your subscriptions as soon as due. There are church members, men of property, who will never pay their subscriptions until called upon, and I verily believe they never would, unless called upon. Thus the time of some one individual is severely taxed, running after delinquents. One brother is equally posted with another in this affair, and if he be not, it is high time he should be. There should be some order in this thing, and any man, who is a professor of religion, ought to be ashamed to tax the time of his brother in running after him to pay the minister's due. Hand it over yourself, like an honest man and a Christian gentleman. Some people act as though they thought ministers required nothing, but the "faith of joys to come," to sustain life.

Why is it, that so few ministers find a permanent home? Change, a custom so detrimental in its effect, should be guarded against. Is it to be wondered at that ministers in general are poor? A minister removes some hundred or two

miles from one place to another, and in one short year he is forced to another. And for what reason, pray? It may be that he is too much of the gentleman. Should you not have been sagacious enough to have made that discovery before? Or, his hair may be combed rather too foppishly; or his mouth is a little too large; or perchance rather small. He speaks too plainly on this subject, and delves less deeply into that. And with these important reasons he must be subjected to great sacrifices. His furniture injured, his library marred, time lost, he perhaps compelled to trespass upon the hospitality of friends for weeks in waiting for an opening, and his wife, torn from the few friends she is just beginning to love, feelings sad and desolate, chafe her gentle heart and checked emotions flush her lovely cheek.

It is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when ministers will be made the subjects of less caprice, when, at least, ten years shall be the shortest stated period of time that shall settle a pastor,—when unkind words shall fall less often, with crushing pressure upon the good man's heart. "Fret not thyself, because of evil doers, neither be thou anxious against the workers of iniquity." The solemn future destiny of man is rapidly approaching, when shall be gathered together as prisoners, all nations before the great white throne of an august Judge, "and the moon shall be confounded, and the sun ashamed, when the Lord of hosts shall reign in Mount Zion and in Jerusalem and before his ancients gloriously."

I may err in judgment; but it appears to me that no man, professor or non-professor, has a right to hold an unopened purse, containing a surplus revenue of fifty or one hundred thousand dollars, so long as suffering humanity remains huddled together in the garrets and cellars of our large cities:

" A beggar boy stopped at a rich man's door—
' I am houseless and friendless, and faint and poor,'
Said the beggar-boy, as the tear-drop rolled
Down his thin cheek, blenched with want and cold.
' Oh, give me a crust from your board to-day,
To help a poor beggar-boy on his way !'
' Not a crust, not a crumb,' the rich man said—
' Be off, and work for your *daily bread !*'

The rich man went to the parish church ;
His face grew grave as he trod the porch ;
And the thronging poor, the untaught mass,
Drew back to let the rich man pass.
The service began, and the choral hymn
Arose and swelled through the long aisle dim !
And the rich man knelt, and the words he said
Were, ' Give us this day our daily bread !' "

Ladies and Gentlemen: These things ought not so to be:—Do we realize the importance of "doing unto others as we would, they should do unto us?" Are we in all our actions governed by this golden rule? If strictly adhered to, the legal pen would frequently find rest; many poor would roll in wealth, and many rich droop in solitude.

Although I abominate office-seeking, I will stoop this once. If, for the time being, you will vote me in treasurer, with power to use my own untrammelled judgment, I think I can safely promise to you a better state of things. Yes, I would open the cankering vaults of the millionaire, and scatter a portion of their contents among the down-trodden and oppressed. There are thousands, who, blinded by prosperity, only need to have lifted the veil that hides to them suffering humanity, to loosen their tenacious hold on the branch of all good. Were our large mercantile, manufacturing and banking houses, on each returning "New Year Day," to bring in behalf of the

oppressed a per centage as a thank offering to the Almighty, is it not certain that joy like a flood would react upon their own heart? Canute was the greatest and most powerful monarch of his time, although sovereign of Denmark and Norway, as well as of England. It is said, Godwin presented him with a galley having a gilt stern, rowed by fourscore men, who wore each of them a gold bracelet weighing sixteen ounces, armed and clothed in the most sumptuous manner; yet, after having, by his conquest and valor, attained to the utmost height of grandeur, he felt the unsatisfying nature of all human enjoyments, and, becoming wearied of the glories and toil of this life, began to think of the future. Thus, after having spent the prime of life, in vain endeavor to obtain unalloyed happiness, man is compelled at last to go to a higher power.

But to return to my subject, we are all aware of the much dreaded task of moving. No, not all. It is difficult for one who has no knowledge of household trials, difficulties arising from inconvenient houses, coupled with limited means, to exercise sympathy with those compelled to submit. No class of men can so well appreciate a convenient house as the clergy. And why? Because their professions allow them an opportunity to discover the disadvantages of an inconvenient house, which causes, in weary moments, the tear so oft to flow. "O," say you, "it is only silly women who weep." I have seen the large athletic man, like the towering oak, standing in the sacred desk before a crowded audience, in the unbending dignity of stern manhood, when one would suppose the pearl drop remained a stranger to his cheek. But, as cruel, crushing cold words touch his heart-cords, unmanned, he weeps! Yea, the Saviour wept, and that too, often. Heaven's ambassadors, who have to do with the heart, will bear me out in the asser-

tion, that man can weep. But there is a welcome limit to tears, an hour comes when wounded nature no longer suffers, joy arises out of despair, and life's perils have ended.

It should be the duty and pleasure of every church to secure a neat and convenient parsonage, in value according to their ability. It should also be the duty and pleasure of every pastor, who should inhabit said house, by careful usage to keep it from destruction. Because a minister is a public man, and gives, for a small remuneration, his time and talent to the public, it is no reason why his house should be made a hotel, gratis; the time and strength of his wife used in waiting upon oft-time thankless strangers. To be sure, it is pleasant to have one's friends call, and those we love, quite often. It is equally unpleasant to be imposed upon, to have no hour we can call our own, sacred to the family hearth-stone. For, where is the wife, the mother, whose health is not at times so precarious as to render it positively burthensome to receive company, more especially strangers? A man, in traveling, who has no claim upon hospitality, other than that he is a *minister*, ought to be in possession of sufficient delicacy of feeling and sagacity of mind to be enabled to distinguish between the propriety of declining and accepting an invitation, based upon etiquette, to tarry with comparative strangers.

True, as in every situation in life, so in the ministry, there are a favored few. Are we disposed in the palmy days of prosperity, when comforts spring spontaneously, and we sail smoothly on the rippling wave of life, to turn too often our attention, to notice too minutely, to regard with too deep interest those placed under adverse circumstances? Are we not too much like the lady whose fire was burning low? Hearing the bell, Frank, the waiter, coal scuttle in hand, made his appearance. "Heap on the coal, Frank," said she, "for it is intensely

cold." "Yes;" replied Frank, "it be drefful cold." "So soon," said the lady, "as you shall have replenished the fires throughout the house, come to me; I will give you some money to go in search of a load of wood, to take to the widow D———; it must be rather difficult for herself and daughter to supply themselves with necessaries, with their small earnings." "Yes, ma'am," said Frank. The coal reddened fast, changing, in a few moments, very materially the atmosphere of the room. Again Frank made his appearance. "I am ready," said he. "Well," said the lady, "the weather has so moderated, you need not now go." With a shoulder-shrug and a broad grin, he retired.

Are we willing even to advertise our own hearts that it has become necessary to make a draft upon our loved purses? Are there not many far less scrupulous in paying fifty or even a hundred dollars for a parlor ornament, perhaps in form of an inanimate dog, as if to keep vigil over their costly furniture, which, though the greatest depredations are being made, are unable to give an alarm? Well! we are a faulty set of beings, and what is very remarkable, we take a microscopic, magnifying view of the faults of others while a telescopic glance at our own is quite preferable. The idea is quite antique that one has a natural antipathy, an instinctive aversion, to looking at, and owning up, one's own failings. I have been trying for a long while to find in what particular point my failing lay. Would you believe it? I have been unable to decide, and must yield to those who have less regard for my sensitive heart-strings. Pray, be you not too severe, lest, staggering, I despond under the contested decision.

LETTER III.

TO THE MILLIONAIRE.

WITHOUT God, or hope in the interest of a Saviour's blood, many of you, day by day, roll in crested splendor, and sport with diamonds rare. Are you not weary of the follies of earth—of its alluring charms, its vices and woes, its surges of sorrow, all tending downward to the tomb? Cast then thy thoughts to that spirit land where joys substantial beckon thee away, Jesus pointing to his bleeding side, "I am the way."

Young man, what use, permit me to ask, are you making of the wealth which the Creator with so lavish a hand has bestowed upon you? Are you using it to the honor and glory of your Creator God? How many a millionaire in whose bosom lies dormant a brilliant diamond, which needs only to be brought out and polished in order to glisten like the beautiful dew-drop before the sun's first dawning rays? You are then, in duty bound to use your wealth, your talent, to your Maker's praise.

Beware! there is a God in the heavens, who is neither an uninterested, nor an idle spectator of thy ways. From his throne, high and lifted up, he stoops to scan the thoughts of thy heart. He will succor, too, those who, in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, are contending manfully for truth and

virtue. We will here contemplate a single case to which the mind naturally reverts, signally illustrative of the watchful care of our Heavenly Father over His chosen people, when, through hatred and envy, the Jews persecuted, even unto death, the immaculate Son of God! For a while the cause of the suffering seemed well nigh extinct, and the persecuting triumphed in His imagined success. The little band of disciples, disheartened, crushed beneath the weight of grief, appear to have surrendered themselves to despair. But, on the third day, the triumph was reversed. With wild joy their hearts beat anew! Soon Jerusalem was filled with the new doctrine. Rome and almost the then known world espoused the cause of the persecuted.

The Christian religion at the present time is at a low ebb; dark and portentous clouds hover about the heart of the saint. But assuredly God will yet visit his people with a copious shower of grace, if they do not faint.*

Dare you, young men, to whom God has given much, in reckless wantonness squander (while the cause of Christ suffers), that committed to your trust? Dare you, longer wrap in your bosom's fold the brilliant talent you possess? Nay! Lay it now an offering at thy Saviour's feet. And when he shall place it upon Zion's Tower, how it will beautify the house of our God, luring many there, who shall hang upon eloquent words as they came welling up from the deep recesses of, and reaching to, the soul of mortal man, convincing him of "sin, of righteousness and of a judgment to come!" Then awake! The day-dawn of thy soul's first pure joys comes hastening on. Arouse thee! lest it pass and leave but its shadow, and thy soul be eternally lost. Gird about thee the Saviour's robe of righteousness, and thy soul shall reap a rich reward.

* This was written last year.

Blinded by passion, thoughtful only of the present, rush not, I pray you, heedless on, to everlasting ruin. And when the charm of time shall have lost its hold, when time shall be no longer, then shall the wrath of an offended God fall upon thee.

In contemplating the attributes of God, there is to the soul a perpetual charm; the heart overflows; unutterable feelings rush forth, and half die on the thoughts for want of language to express them. The soul-thrilling emotions ever remain unexpressed. Lose not now, in life's morn, the opportunity of securing to thy soul those felicities which time cannot destroy.

Though I may be unable to sound a triumph so loud that its echo shall continue to vibrate through thy soul with power so prolonged as to awaken in thy bosom a love to thy bleeding Saviour, may I not hope to awaken a deeper sense of your obligation to your less fortunate brother man, whose soul is thirsting for wisdom, and in the heart of the professor of religion, a deeper desire to put forth renewed vigor in the cause of Christ? May I not hope to have aid of those friends of virtue, who hold in their hands that pecuniary portion which is necessary to success?

And you, Messrs. Bankers, whose treasuries are running o'er; you, who, when presented with a subscription paper, and politely asked, "if it be your pleasure to do something to aid in sustaining the minister of the gospel;" you, who, with a significant glance, reply, "Yes, I've seen that before; Mr. —— appears to be a nice sort of a little man; I don't know much about his benevolent principles;" fall on your knees, and thank heaven, that it is not mine, from Jehovah to wrest the power, or quick as the lightning's flash, the treasure of your groaning vault would be transmitted to his hands, when, quickly, as many hearts would be made to leap for joy as heretofore have been wrung beneath the frown of the mortgagee.

"Though a man gain the whole world, and loose his soul, what will it profit him?"

Young man, upon whom has been showered riches unnumbered, look about you. Behold! how many in the humble walks of life are sighing for the means with which to obtain an education. Noble hearts beat there. In the bosom struggles brilliant talent, they long to drink at the fountain of knowledge. Listen then to the dictates of your generous soul; let your heart and your feet wander among the destitute; from your abundance assist your brother man; pour into the widow's soul the oil of joy. How many from among the humble walks of life, if fitted by an education, would grace the mansion of the wealthy? If there be any thing of an earthly nature which partakes of the heavenly, it is a young and timid girl in the morning of life, who, by her untiring exertions, supports an aged or sickly and widowed mother. Look! there she sits, the rose, before it has scarcely fully bloomed upon her cheek, fading through over-exertion; it is stitch, stitch, stitch, from early morn till evening shades, when the dim night lamp, but illy supplied the luminous orb of day, uncomplaining, fairy fingers, stitch away. Seek you, young man, from among these angel beings, some sweet partner of thy joys and sorrow, and she will do thee good, and not evil all the days of thy life.

The world's angels are very different beings from heaven's angels. The beings, which most men figure to themselves as such in human form, are all glare and tinsel. Angels in Heaven's esteem, are of a very different stamp. In them there is an inward in place of an outward greatness. They court not the public gaze, but are satisfied with the approbation of a good conscience. Their aim is not to make a display in the world, nor to live upon the foul breath of public applause, but by wisdom and virtue, by prayer and faith, and the

due exercise of all duty, to elevate their own and other natures to a holier and happier state.

Seek you then some wearied and worn spirit. Impart to her trembling and wearied heart the joys of life. Whilst thou art fitting her by an education to occupy an exalted station in life, prepare thyself by a theological course to fill a station hitherto by thee unthought of. What sweet, consoling thoughts will flow through your soul as you shall witness the happiness which you have sent stealing through the heart!

Joyous, together you shall journey up the hill of life. It will be yours to experience unalloyed happiness. And when your locks shall have whitened with the frost of age, and your trembling footsteps verge upon the grave, no stinging remorse of conscience will rend your heart. Leaning upon your supporting staff, you will sweetly sink away in death, with the happy assurance that you shall awake to life everlasting. God grant no peace to your soul till you shall find it in believing in him, of whom Moses and the Prophets spoke.

When we consider how few happy families there are, we are led to sad reflections on this subject. It is well here to consider a sad and fatal error committed in the very outset of matrimonial alliance. It is impossible to censure sufficiently the hasty and unreflecting manner in which matches are sometimes made. The man should blush who would be guilty of such base folly as to persuade a young and silly girl, who is incapable of loving in the true sense of the word, to elope, to break away from all parental restraint, sending a dagger to the hearts of kind and affectionate parents, who have faithfully watched over her from infancy. Her ingratitude is of the deepest hue, and ingratitude is one of the basest principles that can actuate the heart of woman.

Another course, equally bad, is sometimes resorted to. Hav-

ing been disappointed in a connection which they had hoped to form, they become reckless for the future, and in a temper of mind bordering upon revenge, they will perhaps marry for money. This, to me, is the last degree of folly, and is such an act of suicidal presumption upon one's own happiness as can hardly be reprimanded in terms sufficiently strong. This indeed is turning the sting upon themselves; thus sacrificing their own peace, while offering a heart which they have virtually given to another. It were far better to remain in perpetual celibacy than marry without that which alone constitutes a happy alliance—sincere love.

Young man, think before you leap. Be not in haste to marry. If disappointed, bear up under it with the spirit of a man. Never, I pray you, make an effort, by way of revenge, to injure the lady's character. Obey, then, the dictates of reason. Become a useful member of society. Cultivate principles of virtue, truth and industry. Secure to yourself a competency, sufficient to furnish the conveniences of life, before you take to yourself a bride, whom you are unable to support in a manner, which will at least secure to her the comforts of life.

Hoping you will pardon the liberty I have taken in writing to you these thoughts, I subscribe myself,

YOUR DISINTERESTED FRIEND.

LETTER IV.

TO THE RICH AND INFLUENTIAL.

DEAR YOUNG LADIES:—I trust you will deem it not rude in me to enter your gorgeous apartments, and have with you a tete-a-tete upon a subject which, I think, will interest you; I know you will not, because you have a woman's heart, sympathetic and kind. Doubtless, you would prefer the society of a gentleman, upon whose affections you have some claim, and in whose eye you might read heart feelings to which the lips refused to give utterance.

It hardly need be premised that I have something to say, which, to my mind, seems important. My object is to influence your feelings in order that you act thereupon. As an individual, possessing no power to wield the pen, I am at a loss in what way to secure your attention, which is necessary in order to gain my point. It is obvious that my task is a difficult one, and for which I crave your sympathy.

In order to have with you any influence, it must be made to you manifest that I am in earnest, that I, myself, am interested. What better criterion by which for you to judge, can I give you than that, week by week, day by day, I have toiled on, in order, if possible, to gain the attention of the people, for the cause which I plead.

That I come short of that which seems to be indispensably

necessary to success, is, to me, a source of grief, namely, the charm of rhetoric, the place of which I can only hope to fill by the power of truth. It is not, alone the imagination I wish to secure, but a realization of the subject which I plead.

Lest the weight of your portmonnaie becomes so intense as to swell the veins of your beautiful hands, and thus deepen the shade of their lily whiteness, pardon me, if I interest myself in your affairs enough to propose a way whereby to lighten its contents, at the same time making the sad spirit leap with joy.

Leave now, for a time, the splendor with which you are surrounded, and go with me to yonder hall of classic lore; let us now take an unnoticed peep through the door of one of the students' rooms. See you that young man with cheek so pale; large, earnest, blue eyes; in his hand an open volume. Deep emotions are pressing his heart; his soul is thirsting for knowledge; his means of support have been exhausted; he is undecided what course to take; with spirits crushed, he falls upon his knees, and breathes forth holy aspirations to the God of Israel; light breaks upon his vision. In whispers soft, a "still small voice" says, "Trust in God, for I shall yet praise him." He arises, a smile plays about his mouth; with renewed vigor he pursues his studies; all this while the weight of your portmonnaie is increasing; now lighten it! How sweet to you the act!

We will, if you please, glance in at one other of the students' rooms. Here is one of nature's noble souls; his broad, expanded brow, dark expressive eyes, his flushed cheek, all tell the conflicts of his heart. See! his eye vacantly fixed upon the floor; his book lays open upon the table; he has become disheartened; in what way he is to proceed he feels undetermined; a few dollars would set all right. But, from whence is it to come? We will enter; now gently slip

beneath some book upon the table a few bank bills. To-morrow, he discovers them, and exclaims "surely, some angel being has entered unperceived my room!" With a light heart he resumes his task.

We will not yet stop. Here is a young man of family; the spirit of the living God has entered his heart; he feels a desire to "tell to all around, what a dear Saviour he has found;" he has talent; he is thirsting for the mental beverage; he is poor; by what possible means can he attain a theological course? He prays earnestly to God to make for him the decision; his desire increases; his faith is being strengthened; he determines to trust in God, and move on; he tells his companion of his determination; to which her willing soul responds:

> Yes, go! for though 'tis pleasant
> In thy presence here to dwell,
> Each day thy hand to clasp;
> Still I'll not bid thee linger here,
> If the Saviour points thee there.

Empty now the whole contents of thy purse, and hasten thou to replenish from out thy abundance. You only need to learn the pleasure of this work, and how you will glory therein!

Plead earnestly with God that he will seal thy heart as His with the blood of the covenant. Select thou from among the humble in life, some noble being with whom to spend thy days. And when he shall go forth to stand as a witness for Christ, when his eloquent tongue shall plead with sinners, high and low, rich and poor, you will experience a joy the world could never impart. You will feel it is better to be a "door keeper" in the house of God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. How sweet to lean confidingly upon the arm of such an one!

Sweeter far than to whirl through the giddy dance, coming in contact with men, whose hearts are black as night, whose principles are base as sin, whose language is ever ambiguous, making it their study to beget expressions capable of a double meaning—whose contemptible souls could never brook the thought that they could not attain the hand of the purest being in the land. How happy the thought that when you shall have done with time, you have a mansion in Heaven durable as eternity!

Be careful then, how you listen to the artful insinuations of man. Are you pleased with smiles and flattering words? Remember that man often smiles and flatters most, when he would betray. Are you convinced of the dishonorable intentions of one to a young lady? no matter, though you may be satisfied of his love to you, shun him as you value your happiness; he is unworthy your notice. Listen to no soft alluring words, until a steady, respectful conduct has given you undoubted proof of his honorable intentions as a lover. Is he addicted to low vices? Is he a ridiculer of religion? Is he accustomed to clothe his language in equivocal expressions? Banish him forever—he is unworthy thy heart's pure affection.

Life or death, felicity or lasting sorrow are the results of marriage. A woman, indeed, ventures most, for she hath not where to retire from an evil husband. If you never took deep thought upon any subject in life, as you value your future happiness, do, I entreat of you, think twice; yea, thrice. In the affair of marriage, be guided in a measure by your parents. Parents have no right to select for you; neither ought you to select for yourself without consulting with them. Marriage should, in every case, be founded upon the basis of mutual affection. If there be no sincere love before marriage, it can hardly be expected after. Never, therefore, stake your happiness so unwisely.

Be extremely careful to listen to no persuasion on the part of others to secure to you as is sometimes done, a husband. Let no ambition for secular splendor induce you to enter into a connection to which you are not drawn by the solicitations of a pure and virtuous love. What will a large house, splendid furniture, a gay equipage, and fashionable entertainments do for your happiness in the absence of connubial love? Alas! nothing.

In my soul, I pity the people (and the world is filled with such) who are compelled to resort to party-going, in order to secure to themselves a little of the pleasures of time—to evade sad scenes of domestic wo.

Prudence forbids a great inequality in age. One would hardly give to a lady credit for marrying a man twenty years her senior. Should it fall to the lot of any of my readers to fill the station of a minister's wife, I dare not trust my pen to give to you advice in so delicate and important an affair. If the wives of deacons are to be "grave, not slanderers, sober, faithful in all things," what less can be required of the wives of pastors!

Yours, with much Interest.

LETTER V.

TO THE STUDENT.

THE truths of religion are the most profound that address the human mind. It is unreasonable to suppose that these truths will be so well appreciated by the cold unfashioned action of the intellect, as by mental action cherished and warmed by emotion, such as when contemplated, the subject naturally excites. Hence the command: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

You have now retired from the busy walks of life, in order to search into the deep mysteries, which pertain to divine things; that which teaches of the character, attributes, laws and government of the true God and Saviour of mankind. The Bible has elicited the attention and scrutiny, and baffled the scepticism of all ages; and while, with peculiar admiration you survey the past, wonder not that a book so exalted in character, holy in origin, extensive in influence, and inconceivably great in results upon individual, social, and national character, should have been subjected to severe tests of criticism. That it has passed the ordeal unscathed is a proof of its intrinsic value. Divest the Bible of the charm and mystery of inspiration,—take from it the holiness and obligation of its precepts,—forget the eternity it reveals and immortality it illumines, and still, as a work of history and literature, what can it not claim?

Independent of its divine origin, we are wont to refer to it all that is valuable in the collection and arrangement of facts for the guidance and improvement of man. The Bible is truly worthy the brightest halo of imperishable glory. For, where is the record of events so important in their nature, so sublime in their results? Historians have rendered untold benefits by their labors, and for it we cheerfully award imperishable fame to their memories. But do not their works bear evident marks of exaggeration? What historian does not evince preconceived opinions and local bias? When compared with the stern integrity and pure principles of the Bible, they appear but as feeble works of a poor humanity.

There is an impression, even at the present day, that a highly cultivated intellect it not consistent with distinguished holiness; and that those who would live in the clearest sunshine of communion with God must withdraw from the bleak atmosphere of human learning. Strange logic this indeed!

Piety, it must be remembered, is not an isolated and barren principle; it is the rain and the light from which the intellect derives nourishment and strength.

The teaching of the Scriptures on this point is clear and decisive. They uniformly connect holiness with knowledge. Why did God select Moses to be the law-giver and guide of his people during their forty years' pilgrimage? Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians. A proof, certainly, that God did not in this case frown upon education. It is sometimes said that Christ chose illiterate fishermen to be the principal promulgators of his religion. But does this of necessity imply that they were men of feeble powers of intellect? Was Luke deficient in ability? But our absolute dependence upon the Holy Spirit, our admiring views of the truths of the gospel need not deter us from a proper exertion

to acquire a knowledge of sciences. Scriptural dependence upon the "Holy Spirit" deepens humility, while it increases zeal. It makes us feel the more our nothingness, while it excites a spirit of fervor for knowledge and wisdom. Does not the influence of religion naturally tend to elevate and strengthen the mind? In proportion as the mind is brought under this influence, its powers become expanded, and a craving for that which earth cannot satisfy, seizes the immortal mind. When the passions of earth are well nigh subdued, when "a sweet and sacred calm reigns through conscience," when the soul has risen so far above the world, that the din of its cares and its tumults comes to the ear only like the beating of the ocean surge on some far-off shore, then it is that the influence of religion is to be seen in its true light.

Whatever end is contemplated, in the wisdom of God, labor is the appointed way of reaching it. Whatever good is sought, labor is the established way of securing it. Labor then enters into every pursuit, which is crowned with success. Without it, the merchant would dream forever of his fortunes, and die a bankrupt. Without it, the mechanic would devise plans for his skill, and thus, in fancy only growing rich, would have them dashed to the earth by the curse which follows indolence. Without it, the student would exult in his fancied attainments in knowledge, only to be mortified by his real ignorance, when he came to test himself with the profound thinker. What is true of every secular, is no less true of that sacred employment to which you have, in the providence of God, been called. It is then a settled truth, "that in all labor there is profit." To him whose business it is to prepare souls for heaven, no less than to him whose business it is to cultivate the earth, God says, "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread."

That labor is necessary to gain, is obvious; we are convinced that God has made it necessary to success. To every minister of Christ, He says, "Thou must *first* labor, and afterward partake of the fruit of thy toil." We see then the condition on which He will bestow the reward. The student of theology then, while diving for hidden treasures, is laboring for that which alone will fit him to fill well his station in life, and the deeper he dives into sciences—the deeper he drinks of knowledge—the better will he be fitted to adorn his profession.

Though now delightfully employed, soon you will have accomplished your task; soon, you will have passed the ordeal of examination. And when you shall have entered the arena of *real* life which, in the distance, is so alluring, with all who have gone before, you shall learn that "This world is all a fleeting show, for man's illusion given." No unalloyed happiness exists this side the gate of heaven. Go where you may, perplexities and trials *will* present themselves. The minister has trials peculiar to his profession. Why should he not? Life is ever tempest-tossed. Earth everywhere puts forth her thorn in obedience to her Maker's will.

True—romance often pictures to us fairy climes, visions unseen, and joys never attained. Trials develop resources; necessity is the mother of invention. She prostrates the towering forests, and upon its site erects stupendous edifices. She lays her iron rail from sea to sea. She sends the steam to contend with the raging element, extending her traffic from clime to clime. With lightning speed she shoots by telegraphic dispatch her communication from one end of the Union to the other. No difficulty is too great for industry to overcome.

Who will despair, when they consider the determined spirit of Brunnell, the projector of the tunnel under the river Thames, mid all its apparent impossibilities—all the discourag-

ing incidents which transpired during its long interruption of seven years. Still he would not relinquish the work until finally it was accomplished, to the surprise of wondering thousands. When once satisfied what duty is, do it. Though storms may arise, all difficulties may be overcome by a firm determination. If in the first onset we conquer, we shall, in all probability, vanquish in the next. You will remember how the forty-fourth British regiment lost their colors by a timid delay at the battle of New Orleans, while the hero, who led the American lines to that memorable field, commenced his career by a fortunate battle, and terminated it in a blaze of glory. Summon then all your powers at the first onset.

God, in his providence, has chosen the humble in life to be his ministers of mercy to mortal man. Rejoice, and be glad. Are you poor? What of it! Go with me to yonder mansion of the wealthy. Find you happiness in one continued stream flowing there? Time drags wearily. The heart is restless as the ocean wave. Now happy—now sad—now buoyed up by some unexpected pleasure—now writhing under the influence of disappointed hope. There is an aching void in the heart, which the joys of earth cannot fill. Be cheerful. God, thy God, will fill thy soul with peace the world can neither give nor take away. Even now the pearly gems of the sun of righteousness glitter in the distance. A change ere long will break to view. The prince of darkness has long reigned triumphant. Men already begin to weary of his reign. They desire some other prince on whom to lean, satan has so often let them fall lumbering to the ground. His reign on earth will soon be done—his power, so long usurped, must soon give place to Jesus, the mighty one. That glorious day will surely come, when the saints will shout aloud for joy—when the wicked will quail beneath the frown of an august God.

Though now they put far away the evil day—though now they may sneer at religion, the stern realities will one day burst upon their astonished vision,—"Day of judgment—day of wonders. Hark! the trumpet's awful sound," before whose blast affrighted nations must gather. Then cheer up; though now discouraging circumstances crowd thy path, the glories of another clime await thee. With renewed vigor press on thy way, and God, thy God, will one day crown thy efforts with success. We shall, if faithful, one day see our Saviour—unnumbered gems will stud his mighty diadem, while the light of his approving eye will be to us of more value than all the laurels of earth.

As you are now preparing yourselves to enter upon the public duties of your profession, it may be-wise in you to gather a little of the strength of Sampson, modified by the patience of Job, sweetly tempered with the meekness of Moses, with which to fortify yourselves against the unhappy criticisms which sometimes fall with crushing weight upon the heart of the sensitive. How hardly will it be possible for you to suit all the people of your charge! For, some there are, who, should you be eloquent, will think your rhetorical,—some, who will be opposed to the reading of your sermons,—some may think you unrefined,—others, too refined. So diversified are the opinions of men, that some seem to forget the minister is but an earthen vessel, which, if placed too high, is in danger of falling, and if placed too low, may be crushed. It therefore, will be exceedingly difficult to please all; but never let it be said they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.

LETTER VI.

TO HUSBANDS.

"Canst thou not administer to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Heal the rent bosom of its furrowing grief?"

IT is no unusual circumstance for wives and mothers to be severely censured through the press. One would suppose that husbands were faultless, were they to be judged of through the same medium. You need not therefore, Messrs. husbands, flatter yourselves, I shall suffer so good an opportunity to pass unimproved. It is my candid opinion that not one among a thousand of you, are truly worthy the combined appellation of Christian, husband, father, friend. Many of you partake more of the nature of the bear than that of a husband, for it is growl, growl, growl, whenever you enter the house. Clubs and secret associations are so rife through the land, that you have not time to devote to the happiness of your families. Those little nameless attentions of which you were so lavish before marriage, are equally dear to us now. For your special benefit, I will relate a story.

Mr. Pennygrasp was a man of industrious habits, and well to do in the world. In early life, he married a lady of timid, retir-

ing deportment, like himself, industrious. The good things of life accumulated as they toiled; but alas! affinity remained absent. Mr. P.'s whole desire lay in amassing, while the wife wished to enjoy the labor of their hands. Whenever she proposed any thing either for their mutual or personal enjoyment, his reply would always be, "I've seen women before; but I never saw one who knew when she was well off;" or, "you need it about as much as a dog needs two pairs of ears; you had better go out among your poor neighbors; you'll return content." There was, therefore, a serious drawback to her happiness. Thus she gave over asking; she yielded quietly, but there was a visible decline of health. One day, in an unexpected moment, a message from above came to the wife, which caused two big tears to stand on the cheeks of Mr. Pennygrasp. They slowly rolled away, and were succeeded by other two. The import of the message was this: "Child, thy father calls,—Come home." Then he took his last look, —he said his last good bye, and the coffin's lid hid the sweet face forever from his gaze. The bell threw on the air its doleful peal; slowly and sadly rolled the wheels of the carriage in which he was seated, as it followed her remains to its cold clay bed; with quivering lip, he saw the gray earth thrown, as it rattled with a hollow sound, upon the coffin. His heart beat high when he returned to his lone home, and gave vent to pent up grief.

Business soon dispersed all sorrow, and he began to have thoughts of renewing the marriage covenant. As of old, economy and industry were indispensable requisites. Then he bethought him of Sally Ann Cute, a maiden lady living hard by. Thus to Sally Ann he went, and said, "Sally Ann, I am weary of living alone; you know my circumstances, and I am acquainted with yours. Will you be my wedded wife?" "In-

deed, I will," said Sally Ann. But so soon as he had retired, the mother remonstrated against such a step. "You know," said she, "he was unkind to that dear little woman, and what reason have you to expect he will not be the same to you?" "Leave me to my own way," said Sally Ann. "I know what I am about. I have not lived thirty-five years for nothing." At length they were married, and Sally Ann went to her new home. Her brain grew busy with future plans. Time passed pleasantly. Christmas sped on. But Christmas brought with it no love token to Sally Ann. "Never mind," said she, "I'll get something on New Year's Day;" but New Year passed alike untokened, and Sally Ann grew wrathy. So she, on the day following, donned her street apparel, and to the store she went, and selected for herself an elegant silk dress. "Charge this," said she, "to Mr. Pennygrasp. Send your bill in next week." Away she tripped to the jeweler's store, and here she selected a ten dollar brooch. In the course of the next week Mr. Pennygrasp, with a quickened step, came into the house. "Look here," said he, "Sally Ann; did you get a silk dress at the store of Mr. F——, and a ten dollar pin at the store of Mr. C——, charged to me?" His nervous manner of speaking a little upset Sally's confidence, but gathering courage after a moment's pause, "Yes, I did," she said, her voice a little tremulous. "Seeing you gave me no bride's love-token, at the holidays, I thought I would just treat myself at your expense. Now, had you given to me a new washing-machine, which is greatly needed,—the old one is so rickety and poor, I cannot use it; there is nothing I so like to see as a nice bosom and collar on a gentleman; or, had it been a new dish-pan,—the old one is so rusted,—I should have been just as well pleased." "Well, now," said Mr. P., "Look here, old maid, you cut up such another dido, and you and I will have a falling-out." "Guess not," said Sally Ann.

Spring comes hastening on. The little birds chirp their notes in praise to God; the fierce winter winds have broken all useless fibres from the trees, in order to prepare them to put forth the tender shoot; blossoms fill the air with fragrance, and all nature puts on a smile of loveliness. Sally Ann begins to look about the premises to see what is necessary for the improvement of their domicil. She descries many things out of order; and when Mr. Pennygrasp is that day seated at the dinner table, she ventured to remind him of the dilapidated state of things. She said the yard needed renovating. It had become necessary to have a new cistern,—the wood work required to be newly painted,—the partition in such a room must be torn away. "Well, now, not so fast," said the husband. "Mrs. P. lived in this house so many years, and if it was good enough for her, it is for you. I have no money to throw away." "We'll see," said Sally Ann. So she set herself about ruling in good earnest. One day, the next week, Mr. Pennygrasp came into the yard, and there stood Sally Ann and a man taking dimentions for a new cistern; the old one being so badly decayed that Mr. P. dared not oppose her. So the man went his way, and together they passed into the house, where a surprise met his eyes. Sally Ann had taken the hammer and axe, and, as best she could, shattered the partition wall, which resulted in an unpleasant and angry dispute at the dinner-table; the husband protesting that it should remain in its present condition; she complacently affirming that it was woman's prerogative to rule in doors. Mr. P., picking a bone of meat, which he held in his fingers, not very unlike a dog, with a sudden twitch of the head, tore the fragment of meat therefrom, and quickly placing the bone on his plate with a nervous thrust, he plunged his hand into his pocket, and drew out an empty wallet, bringing

it down so heavily upon the table, as to make the dishes groan out, saying, "Look here! what have I to pay for all these unnecessary fixings?" Said Sally Ann, with a most provoking smile, "Go to your banker—plenty there—better use than rust." Mr. Pennygrasp sprang from the table, tumbled over a chair, bounded through the doorway, muttering to himself, "Who would have thought the saucy creature would have had so much assurance? Could I, by so doing, recover my lost jewel, I would tear open the grave with my finger-nails; yes, I would!"

At length, Sally gained the victory. Peace returned, and all things were restored to order. One more scene, and I shall have done. "Mr. Pennygrasp," said Sally Ann, "it will be necessary for you to secure a servant, in order for me to be at liberty to see company; it so soils my hands to wash dishes." Mr. Pennygrasp fell in a towering rage. "A servant!" said he; "why, what were you made for, but to work? I have already spent enough. Look here, Sally Ann Cute," said he, "just take your duds and leave my premises now and forever." "Well," said Sally Ann, "just as lief,—better be home living quietly with mother than eternally quarreling here with such a tight-fisted old gentleman as yourself. But before I go, permit me to say to you that my heart is less easily broken than the one that lies in yonder cemetery." So she gathered her wardrobe, and bidding him good bye, she bent her steps to her childhood's home. "There!" said the old lady, "I told you it would be so."

Betty, the servant, just engaged, came in the morning; consequently Mr. P. was compelled to keep her. Perplexities thickened. The bread was unbaked,—the meat burned,—the coffee turbid,—the nicely polished stove covered with grease, sending an unpleasant effluvia through the house,—the new

paint becoming soiled. What should he do? To Sally Ann he went. "Good morning, Mr. Pennygrasp," said Sally Ann. "How goes the new housekeeper?" "Can't stand this," said Mr. P.; "every thing is going to ruin. Come back, Sally Ann," said he, "and be mistress and do as you like." "Well," said Sally Ann; "just as lief." So she took his arm, and home they went. Things were soon righted; on Monday the washing, and on Tuesday the ironing was nicely done under her directions. Saturday afternoon, Mr. Pennygrasp came home, and he called, "Betty! Betty?" In place of Betty, Mrs. P. made her appearance. "Dear," said he, "where's Betty? I have some fish which needs seeing to." "Well," said she, "Betty's gone. She was so untidy that I could not relish my meals. Beside, things are so convenient, I would just as lief do the work myself; what's more, I think you will enjoy it so much better." "Well, now," said Mr. Pennygrasp, "if that is not nice! But promise me, dear, you will do no more than you are able to. I do believe," said he, drawing her arm through his, "a man if he choose, may make of his wife a saint or a sinner." So taking a turn through the beautiful yard, and returning to the neat tea-room,—the tea-kettle was soon singing on the brightly polished stove,—the table soon laid by her skilful hands,—two happier beings never sat down to snow-white biscuit and luscious tea and clear honey, than these righted people."

Doubtless, you husbands, who have got on the wrong track, will now discover the utility of modifying your actions, in order to throw a happy influence about your dwellings. Bring yourselves to a strict account,—make fair inspection,—see wherein you fail,—reckon and compute the advantages and disadvantages of your former actions,—take a close and careful survey, and redeem so far as possible all past failings.

Paul, the apostle, must have noticed some deficiency in the conduct of husbands, else why his lecture, touching the duties of husbands, in Ephesians, chapter 5th, verse 25th, saying, "Husbands love your wives,—be not bitter against them?" "Love," said he, "as Christ loveth the church." Here, then, is a grand rule according to which every husband is called to act. How, we ask, did Christ love the church? He gave himself for it! So then, husbands, it is your duty not only to love, protect and support your wives, but if necessary to lay down your lives, for as Christ gave himself for the church, husbands should, by all means within their power, labor to promote the happiness of the wife; thus we judge the authority of the man over the woman is founded on love, and his love must be such as to lead him to aid her so far as possible in the arduous cares of a family, that devolve upon her. I suppose that Peter, too, had noticed that husbands were in the habit of occasionally acting the part of snapping turtles, for he took occasion to remind them that it was good to dwell with them, according to knowledge, as though he had said, "Now, brethren, give your wives, by no species of unkindness, any excuse for delinquency. How can a man expect his wife to be faithful and loving to him, if he be unfaithful to her? Honor her as the weaker vessel,—use your superior strength to be her protector and supporter." Thus you are not only to maintain, but respect and cherish her character as the apple of your eye; provide, so far as is in your power lies, for all her wants, she being more delicately constructed. Roughness and strength go hand in hand, so likewise do beauty and delicacy: the man is possessed of what the woman is bereft — courage and strength: the one is as worthy as is the other, so that there is very little superiority. When a woman marries, she expects her husband to support her, while she looketh well to the ways

of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Being heirs together of eternal glory, and as prayer is one great means by which eternal felicity beyond the tomb is attained, the Apostle reminded the brethren it was necessary to live together in such a manner as to prevent all family contentions, that they may not be prevented by disputes or misunderstandings from uniting daily in that most important duty—family prayer.

It is for the benefit of a family that a married woman should devote her time and attention almost exclusively to the ways of her household; her place is in the center of domestic cares. She has no right to excessive party-going, or any other waste of time. A lady who is the mother of one child, whose time is spent in doing little nothings, who seldom steps into her kitchen, the care of whose little one is thrown upon ignorant nurses, until of an age to be sent away to school, can have no sympathy with a true mother.

The press sometimes takes occasion to speak of the excessive vanity of the ladies. Observation has taught me that gentlemen are equally guilty of this. It behooves you, therefore, to dispossess yourselves of the same. Fie upon you, gentlemen! you sometimes blame a lady for her cold reserve, when her heart beats high with a pure friendship. One cannot treat a gentleman with politeness, but he comes directly to the conclusion that she is in love with him. "With what measure you mete, it shall be measured out to you again." Husbands! you have sworn away yourselves, and are no longer your own. You have no right to that individual, separate and independent life which would lead you to seek your happiness, in opposition to, or neglect of, her to whom in God's house you bound yourself by a deep oath to keep your heart as the fountain of her earthly joy.

Humanity puts in its claim on our behalf. It is in your power to do more for our happiness or misery, than any other being on earth. An unkind husband is a tormentor of the first degree. His victim can never elude his grasp, nor go beyond the reach of his tyranny, till she is kindly released by the King of Terrors, who, in this instance, becomes to her an angel of love, and conducts her to mansions of peace. It might be fairly questioned, whether there is to be found on earth a case of greater misery than an unkindly treated wife, whose heart daily withers, under the cold looks, the chilling words and repulsive actions of a husband, who loveth not. Such a man is a murderer, though now he escapes a murderer's doom. Though, by cruelty refined, the death process is lingering but sure. All guilty husbands will, I suppose, pass me by with a look so severe, as if possible to annihilate me. Pass on, sirs. I shall make no more effort to evade your frown than I should to secure your smile; but men of chivalry will lend me their defence, because their kind hearts, as well as mine, rise in rebellion against husbands who have acted the part of fiends, and such are neither few, nor scarce.

Husbands in general: you are a set of naughty thieves; which assertion, I think, I shall be able to substantiate. In her girlhood days, you stole, unperceived, the heart of your wife away. So soon as you had made the discovery that she was aware of the same, you offered, as an equivalent, your own. When she had decided thereupon to accept of the same, you must needs clip, unperceived, a bit from your own. And for what purpose, pray? A casual love affair, and another clip for some institution, and a still larger one for the masonic lodge, of which, by the way, I have heard it affirmed by one of its members that it was a standing duty with them to sustain a brother mason in his difficulties, be they what they

may, *even* to the ruin of a virtuous lady's character. If, then, this institution cherish deeds of darkness, and hug to its bosom a viper, wo! wo! be unto it! But, for the honor of the fraternity, for the friendship I bear some of its members, and above all, for the cause of religion, I hope I have been misinformed.

The heart of the slanderer, the traducer of female character, is blacker than the villain who commits the midnight arson, for he robbeth of that which enricheth not himself, while he maketh poor indeed the loser. The man, whose family have been driven out by the devouring element into the pitiless night storm, may receive shelter at the hand of sympathy, while he looketh for better days. But she, whose character, through invidious friendship, has been traduced, can only look to heaven for redress in the quiet tomb.

Honor us—deal kindly and gently with us—for many are the ways by which you procure favor, from which we are excluded. Doomed to the shades of domestic quiet, few of the high places are open to us. Altenately we are adored and oppressed; you feel our beauty and complain of our weakness —our inferiority, but still in your behavior bid us not rise. Sensibility has given us a thousand tender feelings which nature has denied you. Restrained, we have little liberty of choice. Providence seems to have enabled us to confer rather than to enjoy happiness. Every new relation has for us fresh sorrow. We enter social bonds, knowing it to be a system of perpetual sacrifice. We have sufferings which you do not, cannot share. Time soon invades our charms and steals the ardor they produced; we may die; the grave receives us and we are soon forgotten; your days of mourning are soon ended.

It is true, the wife is sometimes denominated "angel," by her

kind husband; and were I to write the life of a model husband, I think I should be able to prove, to a demonstration, that there are to be found those who come with equal right under the appellation of "archangel." Archangel, we are informed, is an angel occupying the highest order or rank in the celestial hierarchy, and, as officers are always from among the male department, consequently angels must be subordinate. We infer, therefore, that wherever there are to be found naughty wives, they must be under-officers of inferior talents, unfitted for the station; and unless they pay more strict attention to the duties incumbent upon them, it would be wise to petition the legislature for a grant to displace them.

It is, therefore, the bounden duty of every husband to put forth every effort in their power to render happy the wife: make their homes as pleasant and convenient as their means will possibly admit; their yards handsomely laid out, and blooming with fragrant flowers, to bind, with an additional cord, her heart to home. Flowers, alike beautiful to grace the parlors of the wealthy and cheer the cottage of the poor! Flowers, the ornamental work of our Creator's hands! they render less desolate the chamber of the sick,—they cheer and incite to duty the little children in the school room. "Those flowers," said a little boy to his mother one day, "looked so pleasant as they stood on the school room table to-day, it seemed to me as though I could study better." They awake, in the bosom of the prison convict, a thrill of other days, and they are alike beautiful to adorn the sanctuary, their sweet fragrance like holy incense mingling with the breath of prayer. Music and flowers,—beautiful emblems of innocence which, in themselves, show forth no guilty trait of sin. Busily, then, let fairy fingers make up the light bouquet to adorn the sacred desk.

Husbands, I may weary you beyond endurance; but it is useless to deny that, in a general way, you have it in your power to render home happy. For a few moments, we will contemplate a young married couple. The law of kindness flings its enchanting wand on all around,—the mantle of charity is lifted on every trivial occasion,—the sweet pouting lip is raised with a redeeming kiss for every little offence,—the manly arm encircles the waist, as the "Good-bye" is repeated on each returning day, as the husband goes forth to his avocations. Thus love triumphs.

Notice a few years later; the pronoun, "I," has put in its claim, and every thing must yield thereto. We will peep through the door, as it stands ajar. The bear is just seated at the dining-table,—looks first at this dish, then at that, taking up the carving knife and fork with a sneer upon his lip. "I do not see," he says, "that you have anything that is fit to eat; I wish you could cook as other people do,—you are so stingy that you are unfit to live." Virtually saying, "I see no reason why you cannot have fresh roasts out of salt beef and pork,—why cannot you touch, as by magic, the strong butter that I bought, and command, 'Presto, change!'" The wife chokes up, but says nothing.

Here is a lady who has had something as her marriage portion. She finds herself in possession of a little waste time, having cultivated habits of industry; she thinks of turning her waste moments to value. So she sets herself about giving music, or some other lessons, to a few scholars. "It will be," says she, "so nice to have a little money of my own," having relinquished, for the purpose of buying real estate, her property into the hands of her companion. To work she goes,—by and by, her purse begins to fill up. "Wife," says the husband, one day, "can you let me have a couple of dol-

AID TO CHEER THE SPIRIT DISHEARTENED

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lars?" Nothing loth, to the drawer she goes. "Come out here," says she, "you nice little box!" which she opens, handing to him the amount desired. In a few days after, the husband lingers after the dinner, and at length says, "dear, can you spare me five dollars?" The wife says, "it comes quite handy to have a little banker-wife, does it not?" as she trips to get the same. He, this time, looks as though he thought the bank was none of hers, for she had given unreservedly into his hands body, soul and property. Thus he goes on, using, as he pleases, all he may earn, together with all she may earn and save. But if perchance, she make a purchase with her own earnings, without consulting her lord, bless me! what a flare up!

Children! what a world of pleasure and of sorrow do they not bring with them into a house! It is universally conceded that at no period of the world's existence have children been so ungovernable as at the present. Let us take, fathers, a survey of your conduct, and see how far, by your course of action, you favor the recklessness of your sons. It is a fact that ought to arrest universal attention, that an inordinate love of money has such a hold upon the heart and affections of men as to enlist every power of thought and moment of time, so that they find it impossible to devote any time to the morals of their sons. It is useless to contend, at least with me, that upon mothers rest the whole responsibility and future destiny of their sons. True, the press frequently points us to one and another great man, the influence, it is said, of whose mother has secured to him his high station. This is no reason at all why fathers should be exempt from duty. It only goes to prove that mothers are less frequently remiss. Who does not know that a mother may use every effort in her power:—her head may be a fountain of tears, and she may weep day

and night;—she may plead with all the eloquence in her power,—she may sacrifice her very heart upon the altar of grief, and in but few cases will it avail anything without the coöperation of the father. I think there are many who, upon serious reflection, will bear me out in the opinion that were fathers, so soon as sons arrive at an age that they have not sufficient moral courage to resist the laughter of naughty children, for being, as they term it, "tied to their mother's apron string"—I say, were fathers, at this critical period, to make the sacrifice of both time and patience, we should see far less recklessness than we now do. I am inclined to believe that were fathers to be less ready to supply young boys with pocket money, and with a firm, kind, determined spirit lead them away from drinking and gambling saloons, there would be a great change. When, O when, will our senators learn wisdom? and enact, for our young men, some healthy laws that shall govern and control their wayward actions. I call upon you, gray-haired senators and representatives of these United States, who congregate to concert and adjust measures for the common good of mankind, that you awake to this all important subject. Devise—plan—consider some new scheme upon which to legislate, that shall result in unlimited utility to the coming generation.

What agony, O what untold agony, must harrow up the soul of a widow, or any other mother, whose son stands with horrid oaths falling from his once innocent and baby lips, coat stripped, sleeves rolled up, fists clenched, ready to make battle upon his antagonist, who is alike fired by a demon spirit! The gushing tear stifles almost the breath of life. O, could every earth-clod heaped upon the remains of every broken-hearted wife and mother, in audible accents send their united wail upon the breeze, gathering with a clarion-sound within the walls of

God's consecrated house of prayer, methinks they would totter as did the walls of Jericho when the seven trumpets sounded their united blast!

In order to be a good model husband, one must be an honest, upright citizen, making to himself no silver rule; on the contrary adhering strictly to the golden rule—"As ye would that others should do unto you, do ye also unto them." If a man be gold by name, let him be gold by nature, keeping his name brightly polished by upright actions.

How is it? Some men, who but a few years past were poor, now roll in wealth, while others, who have labored and toiled incessantly, make only a comfortable living. What should we think of a man, who should borrow money of hard working men, and fail? "Take the benefit of the act"—cheat poor men out of their honest dues, and after a few years have rolled its rounds, bring out his hidden treasure—build a large house, and give fiddling parties? Why! we should come to the conclusion that he was, to say the least, heartless. Doubtless, if he had a wife, she would cry out, "Husband! my soul is in torment! I shall never enjoy another morsel from off a silver fork,—the sound of the violin will never more fall pleasantly upon my ear,—I shall never more lift high my voice in song within the sanctuary, until you have paid that poor man his money:—it is no matter though the debt be outlawed. Thou shalt pay this night, the uttermost farthing, with full interest, lest, this night, the cold clammy sweat of death be upon thy brow, and an invisible hand trace in burning letters upon the foot-board of thy bed, this night, thy soul is required of thee. O, I pray you, make no delay."

Husband! Let it be your study to make your home, not only a place of retreat from the storm, but a blooming paradise beyond the limits of which your companion will have no

desire to wander, only at your side. Give her no occasion of mourning your unfaithful love, for, should a superior power this night stay in the doorway the feet of every man whose footsteps take hold on death, and like Lot's wife, he be turned to a pillar of salt,—what wondering crowds would throng in the streets!

Live, then, in such a manner, that when the muffled footfall of the enemy is heard in advance to cleave, with a single stroke, the chain which binds your hearts,—when the death-angel shall tighten his bow and let the winged arrow fly, to strike and rudely snap the brittle thread of life, bearing away upon death's chariot wheels the partner of your joys and solace of your sorrows, and the mother of your children, and as you shall lay her beneath the dew-spangled grass, to feel that she has gone away to stay, to return to you no more forever—No! never more,—when you shall feel that no incident in life has ever awakened, in your bosom, so deep emotions of awe,—live I say, in such a way that conscience shall quietly rest until the trumpet-sound shall call again your re-united hearts to drink in deeper bliss, at the font of the new Jerusalem, than it was ever yours to experience in this changing world.

LETTER VII.

TO LADIES.

"We sacrifice to dress, till household joys
And comforts cease. Dress drains our cellars dry,
And keeps our larder lean; puts out our fires,
And introduces hunger, frost and wo,
Where peace and hospitality might glow."

IT is useless to contend that there are but few ladies, who deserve severe reprehension for an extravagant outlay in dress. "There must be," said a lady, herself sumptuously dressed, her silk robe costing not less than eighty dollars, (supposing, no doubt, that she had a right thereto, and so she had, if any there are who have, knowing the permanency of her husband's fortune, having, in early life, been a right help-meet, "There must," said she, "be a change in the dress of ladies; it is absolutely frightful. There's Mr. B———," naming one in the employ of her husband, "who has a salary of only one thousand dollars, and for the life of me, I cannot imagine how it is possible for his wife to dress in the style she does, and maintain two servants."

It would be well, ladies, for you to consider your responsibilities as wives and housekeepers; adapt most carefully your expenditures to the incomes of your husbands. Deliberate seriously the foundation upon which rests your husband's

fortune, that in case of failure, your conduct may stand uncensurable,—your conscience remain undisturbed—the cord of affection unyielding. May it not be supposable that, in many instances, the great number of failures in our large cities may be attributable to the extravagant and indolent habits into which the ladies of the present times have fallen? Instances there are not a few, where ladies brought up in the humble walks of life, now keep three servants. Would they not be far less blamable with but one? Think of the expense of maintaining three servants, their wages being but a small part. If a reckless waste were confined alone to those who could afford so to do, less fault would be attached thereto. I am told that there are clerks in the city of New York, living in such style, that it has become a mystery to their employers in what way they manage. Pride has become so deep rooted in the hearts of ladies, that husbands, while wives loll in the lap of indolence, are driven to their wit's ends to know in what way they are to make the ends of the year meet.

Many ladies do not, for weeks, go into their kitchens. "O," say you, "a lady, who is in the habit of looking to the ways of her household, managing her own affairs, is not considered a lady by servants." Ah, indeed! If this be the criterion, by which servants are to judge of your ladyship, it must be a very easy matter to feign lady! Then you are to yield into the hands of uneducated servants your success in life. Fie upon such folly! Pray, cultivate the principle of independence. It is for your health and happiness that you exercise about your own house,—doing any portion of work that you may feel disposed, regardless of the opinion of any help, which you may have, and it would be to the credit and health of many of you to dismiss some of your help and bestir yourselves.

Aristocratic vanity, which overbears moral courage, must be

grappled with and conquered, and we, with hearts and heads, lifted above the allurements of satan. The religion of our Saviour teaches us that we are not to live alone for ourselves. It is not enough, because we have been prospered in life, that we rise every morning,—spend an hour in making our toilet, —trip over velvety carpets to the breakfast table, spending thereat as much time as possible,—then to our rooms, to brush the dust off furniture,—then, dress for the streets, or a carriage drive,—wasting day after day,—uncaring for the misery and wo that lies hid away from the sunlight, in some darkened cellar, some window-shattered garret, where no ray of joy enters. No! we are to renounce self,—we are to train our powers to their utmost, that we may be of service to the world in the performance of duty. Let us, then, awake to redeem lost time. Let us endeavor to renounce every evil habit and aspire to unlimited usefulness.

In carrying out a good purpose, it is astonishing how many objections will arise, compelling us to put our trust in an overruling power, taxing our faith and energy in self-defence, until we feel ready to faint in well doing. How often the professedly good will unite with the rebel party, and with a Goliath sneer endeavor to discourage the timid heart! But, glory to God! to our own surprise, and the chagrin of our opponents, He will strengthen us with might by his spirit.

Ladies, now that you are wives, do you make as great effort to retain, as in days gone by to gain, the affections of your husbands? Is your time employed in rendering home neat and attractive? There is a charm in the power of neatness that rarely fails to please, though it be cherished and maintained in the humblest abode. How sweet to man the thought, as he toils through discouraging circumstances, that the day will soon have past, and I shall again rest my

weary limbs in our little paradise; I shall meet my smiling wife, and angel babes, to forget, for a little, the trials of life and the frowns of the selfish!

How discouraging, then, on his return from labor to find his wife absent, gossiping from house to house,—his little ones uncared for,—little heads bumped,—little fingers door-pinched or cut! O, the artless witchery of a little angel baby! The soul is ravished with love; its kiss thrills with emotions of pleasure the soul of a mother. Look now! See the little head inclined one side, as the ear catches some indistinct sound,—uncertain, whether of fear or pleasure,—the little body bent in an attitude, fit for a painter's brush,—one little foot resting on the toes,—its large earnest eyes opened to their utmost capacity. Unable to decide, it throws down what the hand holds in its grasp, and springs for the mother's lap, nestling closely to her bosom. So soon as satisfied no danger is nigh, it slips down in playful glee. O, where is to be found the mother, who will neglect these precious types of heaven! Alas! their number is legion.

I am compelled to admit, there are women, whose tongues are ever rolling in slander,—their time spent in gossiping,—ears open to catch every new story, and with malice diminishing every truth, increasing every fallacy, until innocency is made to bow in grief. Cases are not unknown, where such intense anguish has followed slander, as to crush the timid heart, only to rise before heaven's just tribunal.

The tongue is a very little member, but capable of doing great things. By the powerful and all-commanding eloquence of the Greek orators, they could carry the great mass, whithersoever they wished, calm them to quiet submission, or incite them to furious sedition. What a flame of discord and contention one woman is able to kindle! She is often the instru-

ment of the most desperate results. It is evident, then, that the best course to pursue is to be keepers at home—not busy bodies in other people's matters. The wife and mother, who acts well her part, has no time to pry into the affairs of other families. In my soul, I pity the husband, the party-going and busy body propensities of whose wife compel her to make havoc of house-keeping, neglecting home duties, in order to attend to things of minor importance. Lodging rooms rendered unhealthy, for want of cleanliness; closets filled with unwashed and unmended garments; drawers turned topsy turvy; food unpalatable. He may love her still, but O, he feels, there's gall and wormwood in her ways, and the joyous springs of life are failing.

Biography informs us that Lady Washington, the mother of our country's father, was ever courteous, dignified and imposing in her address. Notwithstanding, where did the Marquis de la Fayette, when he went to pay his parting respects, previous to his departure for Europe, find her? Working in the garden, clad in common apparel. Not in the least daunted, "Mr. Marquis," said she, "I can make you welcome without the parade of changing my dress;" and it is said of her that she was industrious and frugal in the management of her domestic affairs.

Can any thing be more ridiculously disgusting than the custom of the present? A girl marries; she has been all her life a servant, a sewing, or a factory girl. So soon as she marries, she must have a girl, two rooms, and a lodging-room, the extent of her dwelling. Every afternoon she appears in silks; her time is spent in making her toilet and reading trashy novels. Can the husband expect to lay up anything for a rainy day? I tell you, nay.

Again: Is the theatre, the midnight gathering, calculated

to strengthen the bands of connubial affection? Do they increase or prolong beauty? Who will contend that the effect is not pernicious? Can you produce a single reason why so unwise a custom should be sustained? Nothing is more characteristic of the low class of community than the midnight revel. It is in the night-hour all deeds of darkness are committed; at night the assassin, with stealthy tread, unsheathes the glittering steel, and plunges it into the heart of his innocent victim; at night the burglar, with dark lantern in hand, enters to rob you of your wealth. Is it, then, the hour for beauty and virtue to assemble? No, ladies; no! These hours belong to the vicious and the lost. The habit of meeting at the closing hours of the afternoon, and early part of the evening, would be far less unrefined, far less mischievous to health and beauty.

Nothing so unworthy the intellect of man has presented itself, as the "fancy dress ball;" intelligent ladies and gentlemen making their appearance in a borrowed garb. Verily, ladies and gentlemen, one would suppose you must, when awakened to consciousness, feel chagrin, to say nothing of the wasteful expenditure, and worse than lost time. It looks queer to see published through the press, the parts assumed, and the value of the costumes worn.

Another subject, against which a rebellious spirit arises within me, is the "Woman's-Rights" movement. Remove the beautiful dependence of woman upon man, and life loses half its charm. Can anything be more lovely than a woman leaning confidingly upon the arm of the man she adores, to whom, in the hour of danger, she looks for protection; to whom, from the tongue of gossip, she flies for safety? It is contended by some of its advocates, that by woman's mingling in the rougher walks of life, man would become more refined.

Not so. Soon they would lose the respect with which they are now bound; and the end would be, that woman would gradually, but fatally, slide into the rough characteristics of man. The Creator never intended that man and woman should move in the same sphere. It is contrary to both nature and reason. Woman's province being at home in the family circle, God, in His infinite wisdom, created woman a lesser star, kindly endowing her with retiring modesty. Her sphere is, and ever must be, bounded. Though she may have talent, it dwells in woman's breast. Let her radiate it as a sweet-voiced mother. Nature has given to man the dominion over the intellect; to woman, that of the heart and affections. These hold her with enduring links, from which she is unable to free herself. Where is the woman, with a woman's heart, who would not choose to sit quietly by her husband's side, learning at home the commotions that agitate the outer world, than to be clamorously contending for a place for which she is unfitted by nature? The woman is to be pitied who, in order to become notorious, is driven to the necessity of becoming, like the swarthy sun-flower, towering above all other floral tribes, looking down contemptuously upon the modest lily and blushing rose—mounting the clerical desk, unblushingly, to gather curious crowds.

Permit me to relate an incident which occurred at U —— Hall, in our village. The hall was well filled, when in came Mrs. ——, her squaw dress attracting the attention of a little dog. I suppose his modesty must have been shocked; for, with a "bow, wow," he caught at the bottom of her dress. Unyielding in length, to his mortification, he ran and hid under a seat. At this, the people shouted. But, what was more amusing, the lady's vanity led her to suppose the audience were giving her a reception, when, in truth, they were cheer-

ing the little modest dog. The lady having migrated to the far West, in nearer proximity to the red man of the forest, I suppose when her "other half" (please pardon the expression, remembering it as a borrowed one!) shall have given up the ghost, some chivalrous knight of the prairie, mistaking her, by dress and complexion, for an upper squaw, will offer to her his gallant heart and swarthy hand; and the next thing we shall have to call the attention of our citizens to, will be, that she is exhibiting her legal lord royal!

Ladies! permit me for a time to preside over your convention, while you disband to your respective homes. Throw off your bonnets, and prepare for the reception of your disquieted husbands; make straight the crooked places; gather up the waste fragments; attend to the wants of your little ones, so long neglected. If unblest with these home attractions, go out into the by-ways of life: take, from among the thousand little motherless ones, to your bosom one or more; clothe and feed them; give them a place at your lone fire-side. Soon its wan cheek will redden with the glow of health, its eye sparkle with grateful joy, and your now desolate hall ring with merry laughter—in which your pleasure will be ten-fold to that of playing man.

Should there chance to be among your numbers any maiden ladies, I would suggest the propriety that they seek out and administer to the wants of some decrepid old "bach.," who mourns the day he failed, in life's prime, to secure to himself a "help-meet."

Remember our years are slipping rapidly away; the hour of terrible excitement is rolling on, when a solemn voice shall fall from the bending skies, involving in its message all of life that we hold dear; when the group of little ones shall cluster about a dying father's couch, levity shall hide her face, and

weeping shall follow. Live, then, in the performance of duty, that when you shall have laid your husband in the cold grave, —when the shadows of twilight shall deepen about your lone dwelling, and the evening breeze shall lift your silvered locks from off your furrowed brow, no rebuking sigh shall recall afresh new sorrow.

"But madam," say you, "if you had such a husband as mine." Yes, I know; I pity you too. There are to be found men with whom an angel could scarce live in peace. Let us erect in our hearts a tablet of memory to the name of Washington Irving for the beautiful tribute coming from his pen in appreciation of woman's virtue, with which I will grace the pages of my book, to cheer the heart of the oppressed:

"I have," said he, "very often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which woman sustains the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters, which break down and prostrate man in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, at times approaching to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all meekness and dependence, and alive to every trivial annoyance while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising, in mental force, to the comfort and support of her husband, under misfortunes, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitter blast of adversity. As the vine, that has long twined the graceful foliage around the oak, has been lifted by it in the sunshine, will, when the hardy tree is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling around it by its caressing tendrils, and up its shattered boughs,—so it is beautifully ordained by Providence that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament to man in his happiest hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity—winding her-

self into the rugged recesses of life, nature tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart!"

The political and social relations of woman, which agitate a portion of the community, have been the sources of some unjust reproach to our institutions. The public ear has been filled with declamation upon the wrongs of woman—her political and legal non-existence—her natural equality—her degrading servitude; as though our sex, at some early period, had been conquered and subjugated by man, and were still held in a state of bondage. Disquietudes, deep and distressing, are thus created where peace and confidence ought to prevail.

We shall the better understand the value of our position in this our country, by first considering the condition of woman in other nations, both in ancient and modern times; the depth from which she has been raised to her present most just elevation of rank in the Christian world.

Among savage tribes, it was always, and everywhere, a state of abject slavery. If you look to the semi-barbarous nations of the North, her lot is but little better. The condition of the Greek females partook of a character sadly lamentable. She could hardly act at all, without the intervention of a guardian. She was not permitted to give testimony; she could make no contract beyond the value of a medimnus of barley; she was literally "given away" in marriage; and might again be given away by her husband to a stranger.

The whole fabric of the Roman law, in regard to females, is based on the assumption of their intellectual, as well as physical imbecility. True, the Roman lady appeared more in society than the Greek; but her testimony was not received by the magistrate; she was considered incapable of acting but by her guardian, or tutor;—she could not dispose of herself in marriage; she became the property of her husband, who had

the power of life and death over her. In Asia, we find her lot unimproved. Take, for example, the Chinese: Among the lower classes, the wife drags the plow; while the husband assumes the less laborious part of sewing the seed. Nowhere is she permitted to lose sight of her legal inferiority. She does not sit at the same table with her lord and master; she receives no intellectual culture; all her energies of mind and heart are repressed by the iron despotism under which they are held. Even the feet of females of the higher classes are crushed, compelling them to seclusion, by taking away the physical power to transgress. Thus, we might go on. Indeed, throughout all Asia our missionaries, in their attempts to instruct the female mind, have excited astonishment. In our own beloved America, woman is neither the servant nor the sovereign of man, but his equal, his partner in the social state. Though the political rights of woman may not always be identical with those of man, the distinction is important.

Had we so well secured to us those domestic privileges necessary to our happiness, as we may lay claim to political rights, then should we have nothing of which to complain.

Pray, ladies, for what are you contending? Can you not confide to your fathers, brothers, husbands, and sons, the reins of government? I have confidence to believe they will control them far better than you possibly could. What a beautiful distinction the Creator has been pleased to make!—man, the towering, rugged pine; woman, the slender, clinging vine!

But what reason, you ask, to exclude her from giving her suffrage in the election of public officers? In all free elective governments, the elements of discord are sufficiently numerous, and active, and pervading, to give employment to all the wisdom, and all the force, moral and physical, which society can command, to control their destructive operation. Pray, then,

amid the storm that rages without, in the political world, let us preserve sacred the domestic hearth, as yet the sanctuary of repose; and the domestic altar shall still receive the offering of united hearts to the God of peace and of love! If, in addition to all our other sources of party strife, as if the thousand existing elements of contention could not suffice, we were to array male and female electors, with their candidates, in opposition, it is easier to imagine the uproar, the confusion, that would ensue, than to foretell where or how it would end.

It is, therefore, for the preservation of social and domestic peace that our law has assigned to man the labor of moving the political machine. The rights of woman, then, are not infringed; on the contrary, it would be abusive to the nature of woman to drag her from domestic seclusion to mingle in scenes of political strife.

While the statesman and soldier alike, partake of the distracting cares of the cabinet, and the dangers, the toils of the battle field, let it be remembered that the blood shed in our defence on the battle field, was not our own. Herein is an important distinction between duties performed by the sexes, woman being so constitutionally created as to prevent her from engaging in those pursuits which men alone are by nature fitted to perform. Woman has now secured to her all the political rights for which she ought to ask, her civil rights too, so far as the law is concerned, are abundant; she may, if she choose, follow any laborious mechanical employment; she may practice medicine; may be a preacher or public lecturer; there are no restrictions but those which decency may impose; she inherits equally with her brothers, the paternal estate; if she is injured in her person or her reputation, she may sue for redress; in whatever employment she engage, the law affords her its protection. Should she choose to violate the proprieties

of her station by overstepping the bounds of decorum; whether by traveling in the character of a public lecturer, by engaging with unwomanly energy in the distracting controversies of the day, or by any occupation which is proper only to the other sex, the law merely consigns her to the tribunal of public opinion and its withering rebuke.

If then our griefs are lessened when shared by a sympathizing friend, and our joys are doubled by participation; if there is any value in the counsel of one to whom by every tie of love we are bound; if any consolation in reposing on the faithfulness of a bosom made strong enough to retain the secrets however sacred, which are entrusted to its keeping; any comfort to the oppressed conscience in pouring its sorrows into any other ear than that of a merciful and pardoning God—these pleasures are to be attained at the domestic altar, for the purity of which let us strive.

LETTER VIII.

TO CHILDREN.

CHILDREN: Who of you remains unpersuaded that the greatest amount of happiness is secured to you only through filial obedience? In order to carry you safely on through life, it is necessary that you cultivate the divine command, "children obey your parents in all things." I am inclined to believe that the child who with pleasant smile and quickened step ever hastens to do the bidding of a parent, or instructor, is seldom known to be in trouble, or seldom seen with angry frown upon his brow.

Who dare deny that with scarce an exception where family contention occurs, it is occasional by the reluctant, or positive refusal on the part of the child to obey the healthy commands of parents? If it be so hard for you children to yield obedience, how think you your parents can make sacrifice of their authority?

"Children, obey your parents in all things," thus manifesting your love and gratitude If only through fear, the act is rendered destitute of the virtue of filial obedience, and thus looses the pleasure which it otherwise would yield to both parent and child. How beautiful is filial obedience! Could I but kindle in your bosoms its sacred fires, whose radiating glow would warm and cheer the hearts of all under whose influence

it should fall, I should not have lived in vain; and without the influence of which, the whole domestic constitution must become shattered and broken. To yield obedience to your parents, is a duty made plain by the holy scripture, as well as by reason and good sense.

Kindness will manifest itself by affectionate attention and tender sympathy in their sickness: where, in all the wide world, is to be found a lovelier, holier, sweeter scene, than that of an affectionate daughter, devoting her time and strength to the comfort of a mother or father confined to a bed of sickness.

"My son, keep the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother." What more graceful ornament can adorn the person of a child than a willing, obedient spirit, a deep reverential respect? "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the raven of the valley shall pluck it out, and the young eagle shall eat it."

Some children seem to think obedience to be an indication of servility; on the contrary, it is one of the most honorable and beautiful exhibitions of character: it is that beautiful ornament which adds a lustre to beauty of person, and without which, beauty of person is incomplete. Children, you are not only bound by the laws of God, but by the statute laws of our country to reverence and obey your parents in a breach of which sorrow of heart in yours.

"Children, obey your parents in the Lord; for this is right. Honor thy father and mother, which is the first commandment with promise; that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest live long on the earth." Children are apt to think, "well, I'm of age and will do as I please." Stop, stop! Though you may be thirty years of age, so long as you are dependent upon your parents for a lodging-room, for your food and raiment, every cent of money is drawn from the hard labor

of their generous hands. It is your bounden duty to bow in humble submission to their will—'tis your duty to ask in the most kindly tone for any thing you may wish, consulting with them in the most respectful manner upon all subjects, and acquiescing in their views. If there be anything in the family relation that is hateful, it is a child who will ask of a parent anything in an authoritative tone, or bombastic air—who will contend, in harsh words, with a parent, until, rather than resort to punishment, they must yield the point.

O shame! where is thy blush?

As I have beheld the quivering lip, the gushing tear, which told the writhings of a mother's heart, caused by unkind expressions falling from the lips of children, I have felt a spirit of indignation kindred to that, while reading the account of the divorce between Bonaparte and Josephine—the story of which I can never read without tears. Cruel man! Ah! he received, even in this world, his desert. The eye of an overruling Providence was upon him.

"My son, keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother; bind them continually about thine heart, and tie them about thy neck. When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee."

When we reflect upon the recklessness of the youth of the present day, it is enough to startle the feelings of the most indifferent. Why, children, what do you think will become of you, if thus you continue to rush on into by and forbidden paths? Do you ever give thought to your ways?

"Children, obey your parents!" This, we learn, is the divine command. Alas! the order of the day is, Parents, obey your children, lest they turn and rend you! So soon as they arrive at the ages of twelve and fourteen, if they think

not best to obey your injunctions, why, just let them pass! Keep well filled their pockets with the "root of all evil!" When the little gentlemen frequent saloons, calling for oysters and other things, do not you, fathers, for the life of you, follow after and hasten them away from these vicious, sin-engendering, character-debasing places! Oh, no! supply the little boy-men with plenty of money for these things (even though many an honest debt remains unpaid)!—and more, suffer them to make fine presents to young misses!—this, too, may ingratiate you into favor with the parents, more especially when election day comes round!

How many young men, steeped in crime, go stalking abroad through the country, dissipating away life! Some of them had fathers, who, in their youth, kept their pockets well filled; thus teaching them that money was easily attained. Yes, often, too, by grinding the face of the poor. Doubtless they had forgotten that "A FALSE balance is abomination to the Lord; but a just weight is His delight." Will you remember it, children? In the same chapter, we find these words (and we will do well to remember that they are the words of the Eternal God): "There is that that withholdeth more than is meet; but it tendeth to poverty."

O children! tell me, you who know—How is it possible for peace and quiet to reign in the family circle where grown up children set at nought the injunctions of a mother? How can there be order unless the mother be acknowledged governess? Witness, pray witness, the disorder, the confusion, that pervades where a mother's commands are trampled under foot by those who should make it their study to sweeten her declining days!

Thank heaven, there are angel spirits hovering about my sweet home, who, when in the distance, they descry the angry

wave come surging up, will stay its dashings, ere it break the brittle thread of life!

The author of the following sentiment I cannot now call to mind. Heaven bless him! He has a heart to feel for woman's woes. Hear him: "In my soul, I pity the woman who, in the decline of life, cannot have peace and quiet. The rose all faded from her cheek—the sparkle of her once brilliant eye, dimmed by her incessant watchings at baby couches! And shall she not receive due homage from husband and children?

Children! you should sympathise with your teachers, and realise that their task is an arduous one. There are, it is true, some noble-hearted little boys and girls, who ever pride themselves in striving to improve, to get their lessons to the best of their ability; and teachers should be very cautious how they act, remembering while children are strictly governed, it should be under a kindly influence—speaking encouragingly, whenever an opportunity offers.

It is not supposable that children will always act like adults. I like to see children act like children—good, funny, amusing little ones; I do dislike to see children sit up like little sticks at all times. I like to hear the ringing laugh; I love to see them cultivate polite and refined manners. What a breach of politeness to treat a teacher with disrespect! I think, children, the best retaliation you can make, when your instructors depreciate your worth or talent, is to call to your aid, as did Daniel Webster, a little of the important spirit—just enough to whisper, "You shall see!" Now, when the teacher said to Daniel, "Go! you are a dunce!"—what did he say? Looking very dignified, as he passed out of the school-room door, said he, "Sir, you shall hear from me some day!" And, pray, who has not heard of Daniel Webster?

Boys! what a change comes over you so soon as you escape

a mother's watchful care! On you rush into mischief,—sport, you term it; I wish it were only sport! Look, if you need to be convinced of the sad termination of the sport of many boys. Where are they found ere they have arrived at early manhood? In our poorhouses, our jails, and, alas! some are occupants of the States Prison! Perhaps, with proper care, they might have shown as brilliant stars in our glorious republic; the impassioned soul might have risen to its zenith of glory. Bear in mind, children, "whoso loveth instruction, loveth knowledge;" but he that hateth rebuke is in the road to death and everlasting destruction.

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." You will remember that when you feel this fear, you will be kept from sin.

Children, have you ever thought how inexhaustible is the mine of knowledge? The deeper one delves, the more prolific its treasure: unlike the wealth of Australia's mines, whenever attained, it is subject to neither "moth nor rust." While wealth depreciates, knowledge will enhance the value of time; inasmuch as when riches increase, man becomes indolent, seeking to kill time by dissipation and profligacy.

Children, I have talked a long while with you; all of which time, not so much as a whisper has fallen upon my ear to interrupt my sayings. I thank you for your kind attention; hoping that, in turn, I may yet have the pleasure of listening to the eloquent language that shall flow from your lips at the bar, in defence of innocence, or pleading your country's rights, or as a minister of salvation.

And now remember, when the heart of your parent lies buried deep in grief; when big tears gush from the eyes, and run down the face; it is then that kind, gentle words, coming from children, fall like balm upon the aching soul. When your

sins rise up, like mountains before you, and you bend weeping at your Saviour's feet, saying, "Have mercy upon me, a miserable sinner!" it is then God will say, "Rise; thy sins, which are many, are forgiven thee!"

But I ask your indulgent attention a few moments longer.

A word to the poor, stricken-hearted, orphaned canal driver. Look up, and cheer! I see the quivering lip; I see the tear that gathers in your eye running down your face, and dripping upon your ragged coat. I anticipate your thoughts, as they stay upon the spot where, in by-gone days, you knelt at a mother's side; when, in soft whispers, she told her troubles, in a Saviour's ear; I anticipate your thoughts, as you raise your tear-blinded eyes to heaven, wondering if the spirit of your sainted mother hovers near you as that cruel, heartless captain withholds your hard-earned pay, and sends you hungry, naked, and poor, upon the cold charities of a selfish world. Yes! there is one who thinks of you; for if there be anything that touches my heart with sympathy, it is the sight of a poor orphan boy, destitute of the necessaries of life, deprived of an education; in the countenances of many of whom shines, through their degradation, an interest that, one would suppose, would enlist the attention of the hardest heart. Come, poor boy! you who sigh for an education, confide in me your sorrows; write to me, and tell your grief. Telling may relieve the pent-up anguish of your throbbing heart. If you are so unfortunate that you cannot write, get some one to write for you. I can do something for you; I know I can! Bid your heart gladden; you may yet be enabled to unfurl the ambitious banner, and shout the victory!

While now the sons of affluence drop their standard to a level with the low and degrading vices of time—sinking deep, and still more deep, in sin and iniquity, until, through con-

tinued profligacy, all pecuniary resources fail, and summer friends flee away, and they die the death of the pauper—your fortune may be made. There may yet be good in store for you if, while, through poverty, you have been driven to the degrading occupation of canal driver, you have refrained from profane language; if you have maintained honesty, you may yet shine as a star of this world, and come off conqueror over sin—your robes washed and shining in the atoning blood of a crucified Redeemer!

Let me say to all—high and low, rich and poor, of every nation and language, of every condition in life—the selection of your reading is to you of vital importance. In the first place, then, I would commend to you the reading of the Bible. "What!" say some of you, "the book that ministers use!—why, that is beyond our comprehension, and contains no interest for us." You are laboring under a mistaken impression. The Psalms of David are most beautiful; add thereto, the stories of Joseph, of Goliath, Sampson, of Solomon, the wars of Canaan, of the great empires of early times, so elegantly told: to which, if you will only give ear, your roving minds will find a captivating field of knowledge, an unfailing source of useful instruction. This is the book from whence that great man, Daniel Webster, derived his name; and in which you will find the thrilling story of Daniel, who was cast into the den of lions, and so miraculously preserved, by an over-ruling Power, from the lions' jaws. The next works to which I would call your attention are, such as the life of George Washington —he whose name thrills every bosom with delight; Daniel Webster, the great statesman and soul-stirring orator; Henry Clay; Orators of the American Revolution; the Princes of the House of David, wherein you have a vivid account of the life of Christ, during His stay, until His crucifixion, on earth; His

triumphant resurrection, when He burst the tomb, and led captivity captive. I am acquainted with a little boy who has numbered but ten summers, who has read all of these, and three times as many more, equally as important, works. And to what, think you, is this little fellow bending his efforts? Well, I will tell you. You may smile, if you choose. It is this —and I know of no reason why he should not—the Presidency! When he was but four years of age, he one day asked his mamma if, when he should be a man, he should be elected President of these United States, the people would ring the bells, and fire cannon. "Yes, indeed, that they will," said his mamma. "Well," said the little boy, "will you, mamma, pray to God that I may make a good President; for," he added, "it seems to me as though I should?" During the late Presidential campaign, this little boy was all engaged; he attended all the lectures of each party, remaining unshaken in his opinions;—said he, "I wish to hear all parties, and understand their platforms, that I may be able to judge for myself." After returning from hearing a speech from an opponent, he said, "I could hardly keep my seat this evening, and listen to such falsehoods as were uttered by the speaker; for," said he, "I could prove him false."

Now, boys, how many of you will unite with this little boy in aspirations for greatness? Do all that you can, by way of a thorough education, to prepare yourselves for this high trust. Sure it is that some of you are to be Presidents. It is to be hoped the day will come when our Presidents shall be elected by the honest, unbought votes of the people. A crisis is approaching; sin has reached its zenith; a change must, sooner or later, come in the affairs of the Prince of Darkness; for thousands of years he has groped his way from heart to heart, seeking whom he may devour; his usurped reign will soon

have done; and God, the mighty maker, will trample beneath His feet all powers of sin.

Yes, boys! it is to you we look for our country's future prosperity. I would suggest the propriety of forming yourselves into Reform Debating Societies, protesting against the use of all profane language, the use of all intoxicating liquors, and also the pernicious use of that health-destroying, breath-polluting money-stealing, cigar-smoking pest!

Why, only think of it!—a young man becomes so wedded to his cigar (for aught I know he may sleep with one in his mouth), although he declares that the habit is killing him; yet he finds it impossible to tear himself therefrom. Yes, boys! now is your time.

To the first three boys, from the ages of ten and fifteen, who will organize a Reform Debating Society, in whatever place, and send me their names and address, I will remit to each five dollars, to aid them therein. Permit me to suggest a few topics for your consideration:

Under the influence of which is the greatest amount of crime committed—an inordinate love of money, or the use of intoxicating beverage?

Who secures to himself the most admiration and profound respect?—the boy who, on every trivial offence, falls into a towering rage; or he who curbs the rising passions of the soul?

When does the man present the most admirable and fascinating aspect?—when indulging in profane and foul, or refined and elegant language?

Is honesty, or a disposition to indulge in taking the advantage on every occasion that presents itself, the best policy?

Soon you will have become men, and your purposes fixed for life. Will you, then, take thought for the future?—will you not resolve—as for me, let others do as they may, I will

endeavor to walk in wisdom's ways—I will, the good Spirit helping me, seek the road to fame and honor? Boys, I cannot let you go unless you give me the promise, "I will try!"

And now, children, as I have wearied you beyond your expectations, I leave you to your own reflections, trusting that you may be happy while here; and may the blessing of Israel's God dwell round about you now and evermore!

LETTER IX.*

HOMER, N. Y., December, 1828.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:—For the first time, I now address you in a new relation, and greet you on the consummation of your wishes, fondly hoping and heartily praying that your connection may prove a source of mutual comfort through life. You have commenced the world under superior advantages to many; and I hope you may be proportionately useful to the world. When I settled in life, I had not much acquaintance with human nature, except what I knew of myself; and while learning the disposition of man, I made some errors in my calculation, which I had to correct when I became better acquainted, especially as it respected putting confidence in my fellow-creatures.

All men by nature are supremely selfish. In every one, we shall find, at times, such a bias to their own interest, as will justify us in being continually upon our guard, so that we may withhold or extend our confidence as we become better and more intimately acquainted with men. If, then, a principle of strict integrity, manifested in truth, honesty, and virtue, is that which we look for in others, it is the very specimen of character which we ought to exhibit in our lives before them.

"A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things

* Accepted, unstolen, from the New York Examiner.

which he possesseth." But this sentiment is directly opposed to the feelings of the natural heart. Wealth maketh many friends; money answers all things. A man's wealth is his strong city. Are scriptures much better suited to a depraved heart, and much oftener quoted by men of the world? Their maxim is—Money is the principal thing; therefore get money, right or wrong; for the end will justify the means. Speculation is, therefore, engaged in with much confidence of success; and great hopes are built up, like castles in the air; but they are often blasted, and leave disappointed ambition writhing, under the ruins, in poverty and disgrace. In my judgment, therefore, the safest and most honorable course is a prudent, honest, industrious and economical application to labor, in which God will bless us. And I think the man more happy, in reality, who adds one cent per day to his capital, than the one who spends a hundred. Labor, not so much, therefore, to be rich, as to be useful in the world; and think more of leaving it than of living in it.

But in heaven you may lay up, with the strongest hope and the greatest safety. In view of the "true riches," and for their security, ambition becomes a virtue, and there is no fear of taxing the talents, time, and attention, too much, in view of that object, and of gaining too fast, or gathering too much. Truly honored and happy is the man who will at last come within the influence of this interesting sentence:

"Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

Yours, with esteem,

Alfred Bennett.

LETTER X.

CLIFTON SPRINGS, October, 1855.

DEAR PARENTS:—You will, no doubt, be surprised to find a letter from me dated at this place. Being much out of health, and feeling desirous to obtain a little respite from the cares which continually crowd upon me, I made my way to Clifton Springs.

I am agreeably disappointed in finding here a much better house than I had anticipated. I have often wished that I might spend a few days in some deserted castle, to hear the massive doors shut, and the winds moan. So here, in this spacious house (for it numbers some seventy rooms), my wish is gratified, it having, at this season of the year, more the appearance of a castle. At the lone midnight hour, in tones of sadness, the winds come moaning through the spacious halls, whispering at the door of my room, and retreating with a sudden whirl. Timid though by nature I am, it startles me not.

The house commands a fine view of the country in every direction. Adjacent is a fine park, embracing the springs, the waters of which are clear and sulphuric, but not unpleasant to drink, and possessing medical properties. Adjoining the springs is a fine bath-house, below which runs a beautiful

rivulet. Full of song and glee, the clear, limpid waters go leaping and dancing over little pebbles, and large stones forming miniature falls.

Whoever has a soul to relish the beauties of nature, can spend here most delightfully a few weeks, as a retreat from the city's heat. They will here find a gentlemanly proprietor and attentive servants. There is a "Water Cure," to which a large addition is building. It is located in the vicinity of the Springs.

With what fondness does memory cling to childhood home! I fancy I am often there, where we sported in the yard, and, with free spirits, gave chase to the gay butterfly. It seems, too, that the sun shone more brightly then than now. Ah! well do I remember the flowers that bloomed, the beautiful rose, the sweet briar, that looked so enchanting in Aunty's garden!

How often, in imagination, I am with you, by father's side, as he sits in the old arm-chair! The Family Bible before him on the table, where it has rested so many years, in the room where his voice, in solemn, fervent prayer, has so frequently arose, like holy incense, before Jehovah's burning throne. Behold him, in silent forgetfulness of earth, bending over the sacred pages of divine inspiration, drinking in an immortal bliss, as revealed by the Spirit through its pages, inspiring the soul with devotion, and a silent longing for that better land! Encouraged by new hopes, he girds more firmly his armor on, and more closely clings to his Saviour's side, with the sweet assurance that, ere long, over sin and death, he will shout the victory.

Unwilling to disturb the feast he is enjoying, mother has been waiting to make known to him an incident. Now she ventures to speak; he heeds her not. She gently taps him

on the shoulder; he looks up. "Did you speak, mother?—indeed, I did not hear you!" Although he is a little hard of hearing, in a soft, sweet voice, she relates to him the news. All attention, smilingly, he listens—occasionally replying in monosyllables.

Dear parents, with you the sands of life will soon have run, and your spirits wafted to realms of bliss, to join your aged parents, who have gone before. Yes, the dear Saviour once rocked on life's tempestuous billows. The whirlwind of Satan's wrath was fiercely raging about His pathway, when smitten and stricken, gently He rebuked His enemies; when, wounded and bruised for our transgressions, in anguish of soul upon the Cross, He yielded up His Spirit. Behold Him now in glory! Every eye shall see Him! Not as when the heavens darkened with the frown of an angry God—the earth quaking, the rocks rent, and the graves yielding their treasures. No! but in the majesty of His power! What thrilling emotions that day will awake! Day of Judgment! day of wonders! Hark! louder than ten thousand thunders the trumpet sounds!—all nations gather!

Holy aspirations, by nature, dwell not in the bosom of man; but, in fearless splendor, come glowing from above. They are to be sought, then, as hid treasures. When attained, they are to be cherished and fostered as glorious gifts. From beneath our feet we dig the golden ore, which, although of intrinsic value alike with all earthly things, must perish. That which comes from above is durable as eternity. With terrific fear, we shiver at the anticipated loss of the treasures of earth. Do we fear lest we lose the treasures of eternity? Through the dreary winter of life, we, at times, cast a longing wish towards the Celestial City, that far off glorious clime. We do, at times, tremble, while, with horror, we view the creeping sins

which, unperceived, steal into the heart. With an impetuous dash, at times, we make an effort to cast them off; and then we behold them taking root, and steeping the soul in gall.

The goodness of God should lead us to continued repentance, which, in a special manner, we have experienced by the overruling hand of Providence in His protecting care of our loved children through their perilous journey over the plains to California's distant shore, though sad, indeed, has been the affliction of dear brother. Hear his plaintive strain: "Here, in the lone wilderness, I realize the death of my beloved. In the desert wild I pronounce her name; and the wild birds scream an answer in reply!"

To lose, so early in life, so loving, so amiable, so devoted a companion, is, indeed, one of the most severe dispensations of Providence.

As frail as lovely, she quickly passed away. If there is anything that will impress the mind with sadness, it is the thought that we shall see no more, in life, the sweet face of one we loved; to reflect, that the chill of death has stilled forever the pulse of life; that the face, once radiant with smiles, is placid in death; that no more forever shall we gaze upon the lovely features so dear to us while life's bloom glowed upon the cheek; to think that the lips which spoke to us loving words, shall move no more forever in life!—the lily hands which pressed ours with so much fondness, and were ever ready to assist us, are quietly folded in death; and the bosom that heaved with gushing emotions, is hushed in the cold embrace of death!

Mother dear, I well remember, when a little girl, I used, on a low stool, to sit at your feet, and watch the expression of your sweet face; and I wondered if the angels were more beautiful. I used, too, ungenerous child! to think that there

were no real Chistians but my parents. I suppose one reason for this was, the unchanging integrity of my father. Would to God there were more souls of the same stamp! for I have sometimes thought the more the rogue peered through the man, the higher he ranked in the sight of men.

I wish, dear mother, I might pay you some more beautiful tribute, of which you are so worthy. Your long-suffering patience, your unchanging sweetness, your amiable deportment, your Christian character, unfolding and brightening as you near the portals of the tomb. Soon—and can I bear the thought, mother?—you will have departed! The thought is sad to dwell upon; yet it is sweet to think that you both have been spared to us so long. In the morning of life, leaning confidingly upon the arm of your adored husband, on you journeyed up the hill of life; in age, still clinging to the same—sweetly you glide down the inclined plain.

That we may meet an unbroken family in the regions of celestial glory, is the prayer of your

DAUGHTER.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MY PARENTS.

Cease thy mourning, dear father; though thy child is not here,
For soon thou will join him, in a more happy sphere.
"He heeds not, he feels not," his cold, rocky tomb,
For the Saviour once laid there and sweetened the gloom;
In a far distant land, away from his home—
Oh, brother, my brother, met his sad doom!

In fancy I see him, on Heaven's frontier,
With outstretched arms, calling, "Dear father, come here!
Heaven witnessed the fervor of thy midnight prayer,
And rescued thy child from eternal despair!"

In my slumbers I saw him; no vision more bright;
To his bosom he clasp'd me, with ecstatic delight;
A glorious smile on his mild face he wore,
Sure in Heaven he must be; I'll doubt no more!

Cease thy weeping, dear mother! thy child's in Heaven;
In rapturous tones his deep voice is now swelling;
Louder and stronger, through Heaven's arches, they are ringing,
Sweetly blending with all the redeem'd that are singing.

Weep not, dear brother! our loved one's no more—
The conflicts of earth with him now are o'er;
On the bosom of Jesus his head now reclines—
Gently smiling on saints around him that shine.

Mourning sisters, dry thy tears;
Hush thy sobbings! quell thy fears!
'Twas Jesus who call'd our loved brother away—
From the sorrows of earth; He bid him no longer here stay.

ANNA.

LETTER XI.

U———, November, 1856.

ESTEEMED FRIEND:—To perform what has been required of us by a friend, whether accomplished to our own satisfaction or not, if, to the best of our ability, is to our friend a gratification. To fulfil a promise is right and proper, even though the wind, as is the case this morning, may arise full of glee; and for some strange reason, I cannot tell why, has become very wrathy, bustling about in merciless squalls, contending with signs; and they angrily creak in reply, as to and fro they sway. There, now, to the dust it returns, and in wild commotion it flies in at my window, and rudely seizes my paper. Now to the forest it scampers away, to rock the stately oak; from thence it will rush, like a demon, to the proud waters to dance on the waves.

Well, here am I, once more, in the sanctuary of domestic virtues. The levity of youth was never here allowed to pass unrestrained. Here, on these oft-trod grounds, my first tottering footsteps tried their out-door strength, while clinging to a fond father's hand, and by whose side, though now having past the vigor of manhood, I walked through the garden, where not a blade of grass is to be seen; the walks are as level as a smoothly-planed floor. Here, too, is the same well, into

which, in riper years, I plunged the old oaken bucket, from whence it arose all dripping with pellucid water.

But, alas, time, with its measured step, has laid its withering hand on all things terrestrial. Since I left my native place, almost every building on Genesee street has either been consumed by the devouring element, or torn away, to give place to more lofty edifices; the architectural structure of many bespeak the fine taste of the people. In the whole length of the street, I can now detect standing only three, which stood there when we left for the West; one of which, owned by ———, and built in the time of war, for which he was offered, and refused the sum of $10,000, when the first railroad track was laid through the village of Utica. There it has stood, amid the devouring flames, as from time to time they raved around on either side, curling in dense clouds of smoke high above, till lost in mid air.

Many are the dear friends, who, in the morning of life, but a few years ago, with erect form and stately step, walked the streets of this city; the cheek's healthful glow told the joyous life-springs that danced through the heart. And where are they? The reflection is a sad one. They have retired among the pale nations of the dead, to appear no more forever, until the trumpet sound shall awake all nations. A very beautiful spot has been laid out for the Cemetery, about three miles from the city, on the New Hartford road. Some very beautiful monuments have been erected.

The lovely vale of Utica is located in the pleasant and fertile valley of the Mohawk. It is a flourishing, salubrious, and wealthy city; while the beauty of its scenery, alike of the hills and the valleys with which it is encompassed, is scarcely surpassed by any portion of our blood-bought land.

Its inhabitants are enterprising, industrious, and frugal, and

are distinguished for intelligent, refined, and elegant manners. They are exemplary as a church-going people; thus the clergy are not disheartened in being compelled to waste upon empty pews their best and most laborious productions.

The settlement of Utica was first commenced in 1789—a few years after that of Rome and Whitestown—which it has gloriously outstripped. It first received the name of Old Fort Schuyler, from a small fortification which was erected during the French war on the south bank of the Mohawk, a few rods below where the depot now stands. I believe portions of brick and stone are still to be seen. It retained its original name until 1798, when it was incorporated, as a village, with its present name. It then formed a part of the town of Whitestown, until 1817, when it was made into a separate town. In 1832, it received a city charter, at which time it contained about 9,000 inhabitants; it now numbers about 24,000 souls. Its progress has been less rapid than in other places; but its increase has been steady and sure, until it now ranks, in wealth and importance, among the first cities in the State, being supplied with all the modern improvements. The gas company supply the city at a reasonable rate; while the Græfenberg water-works company provide an abundance of excellent water.

The city is situated on the great thoroughfare between Albany and Buffalo. Being ninety-five miles from the former, and 231 from the brave City of the Lake, its facilities for communication are among the best. Either New York or Buffalo can be reached in the short space of eight or nine hours. Railroads, canals, and numerous plank roads, have one of their termini in this city, which facilitates communication with surrounding villages and farms adjacent. Utica is enterprising, with its manufacturing, mechanical, and mercantile interest.

It has a steam cotton factory, steam woolen mills, the Utica Globe Mills, a screw factory, and lock factory. There are also a number of furnaces, and several coach and car establishments. Its citizens have formed six banks, their united capital being $1,939,000. The insurance companies, having failed, are now closing up business.

The city hall, just completed, is a massive pile. It is built of Milwaukie brick, whose natural color is cream—not so deep as yellow—and said to be superior to the common red brick. It cost about $60,000; its size, 130 feet on Genesee street, 66 feet wide. It is three stories, or 58 feet in height (one story 30 feet.) It has a fine town-clock. The State Lunatic Asylum is situated on the road leading to Whitesborough. This is a massive stone structure; it cost $500,000: the front, 550 feet; wing, 250 feet. The whole is in the form of a hollow square. Its present number of inmates is 460. There have been admitted during the year from three to four hundred; so that from seven to eight hundred different inmates have been admitted, or been in the Asylum, during the year.

The first Presbyterian church, which was destroyed by incendiaries some few years since, has been rebuilt, though not on the same site, but on the same street (Washington street,) above the canal bridge, and is considered the finest church edifice in the city. The main steeple is 200 feet in height. The windows are of stained glass. Mr. Dixon's church (who, by the way, is a very popular man with the citizens) is a new stone church, located on the same street with the one just named. The interior is considered the most elegant in this city. Massive columns, elaborately wrought, support the dome, around which cluster the gas-burners. The windows are of stained glass. A fine organ, played, as in every instance when I have been, by a gentleman, produces melodious swells, striking

the heart-chords with thrilling emotions, as the pipes, yielding to the pressure of skilfully-taught fingers, harmoniously open; and the melting cadence dies away in prolonged, rapturous tones.

Trenton Falls are about twelve miles from this city. Cars leave daily—so arranged that travellers may, by being detained only one day, have the pleasure of visiting this romantic and beautiful spot. No one, who has a soul to relish, in its wild sublimity, a feast of nature, should let pass an opportunity to drink in a cup of heart-felt revelry, to view here the dark stream, and listen to its mad roar, as down the steep its waters pour. Rocks on rocks, in threatening attitude, stand high; and the rude forest towers, high above: the mighty sun approaches, and, retiring, leaves it alone in its glory! Two views may be had of the falls—one from the summit of the towering rocks, which, bow-like, circle the fall; then you may descend a flight of stairs, to which is attached a chain, on which to cling. Visitors should be cautious how they trust their feet on the flat pavement, washed by the spray, near the torrent's brink; for it is impossible to regain, if once the foothold be lost. Three individuals have already lost their lives at this critical spot,—a few summer's past, a brother and sister, from this city; and, many years ago, a beautiful and accomplished young lady, of New York city.

Having fulfilled my promise, with many wishes for your future happiness, I bid you, FAREWELL.

LETTER XII.

S—— F——, October 8th, 1852.

MY OWN DEAR BROTHER:—Your letters are so much my comfort, that they cause me some very miserly fears, lest I receive not my full share, your time being so occupied, that I shall, at least get no more than my share. If a few hours' horseback-ride would bring me to you, how quickly would I go. But, alas! thou art far, far away; both hill and dale intervene. Thou art far beyond the deep blue sea; beyond the towering mountains; thou art treading the gold-bespangled earth, while fate, with an iron grasp, holds on to the precious metal, bidding thee toil on, and on.

Alas, dear brother! what of earth is lasting? Riches, in an unexpected moment, take to themselves wings, and fly away; disease lays its unrelenting hand upon us, and joy, like the morning mist, before the sun's dawning ray, flies away; and friends, with whom we have interchanged the kindly thought, oft times prove deceitful. Why is it that the bright hours of joy are so often darkened with the shadows of gloom, as when the heavens beam with brightness, and earth puts on her loveliest smile, suddenly the tempest cloud will gather, and make earth dreary as the tomb? Thus we learn the oft-told story, "True friends are few."

When the storm of adversity is past, and we calmly and gently sail over the rippling waves of life, friends will gather to bow at friendship's shrine. Soon, again, we hear boding whispers of coming ills; the heart-strings quiver with fear. But when no shadow intervenes—when the soul soars upon exultant wing—when the blood flows on with freeness—when many joys cluster about our pathway—then death, with a fearless step, unsheathes its arrow, and quickly steals away the spark of life. We hear the whisper, angels say: "Sister, brother, spirit, come away!" The faithful tomb unvails its bosom, and receives the body to its cold embrace. The merry, ringing laugh is exchanged for the bitter tear—the music strain, for lamentation; the gay dancing step, for the solemn death-tread. Do not these sorrows, these disappointed hopes, like a clarion blast, tell us of a brighter world beyond the tomb? Do not they awaken in the bosom a deeper sense of the truths of religion? Does not the wild, impassioned tear stir our slumbering senses, and rouse the mind to a realizing sense of our dangers, while out of Christ?

All nature, in quiet whispers, speaks of a God, in whose hands we are but as the "potter's vessel." When I gaze upon the fading beams of the mellow sun-light, it whispers of a far-off happy land, where saints immortal dwell. As the twinkling evening stars, one by one, come forth to cheer and beautify the night, what visions of glory awaken the soul!

Dear brother, do you ever, as you watch the beautiful sunset clouds, all tinged with purple and gold, as cloud on cloud rises majestic, like the softest and most beautiful banks of snow—do you ever contemplate the heavens, as the work of our Creator, God—as the space in which the omnipresent Jehovah is supposed to afford more sensible manifestation of His glory? Omniscient and omnipresent, high enthroned

above, at a glance of His sleepless eye, He beholds all the evil and good actions of men; for which, one day, they must render to Him an unequivocal account.

As the sun, the splendid luminary, being in or near the centre of our system of worlds, gives light and heat to all the planets; so, in the Scriptures, Christ is called the Sun of Righteousness, as the source of light, animation, and comfort to His disciples, in and through whose name alone we may be able to secure an inheritance, where God and Christ are!

Go on, dear brother, in the admirable disposition you have towards all that is right and good. I have no words to tell you how much we all long to see you, and how dearly we love you!

A. P.

LETTER XIII.

S—— F——, June 1st, 1852.

LOVED BROTHER:—My patience was well-nigh lost in waiting for your letter. But the welcome little missive comes, bearing the impress of a far-off brother's heart; and through the dashing spray it sped its welcome way to a glad sister's heart, to be no less eagerly perused than gladly received. How delightful the privileges we enjoy, of tracing upon paper our thoughts, to be given to far-away loved ones! With what avidity do we devour the contents of your communications! They are as precious to us as the glittering gold-dust for which you have left your childhood home; for which you ventured the perils of the mighty deep!

As the wailing tones from the caverns of the ocean, in awful and solemn grandeur, rolled along, methinks a home-sick feeling must have crossed your bosom.

I often think of you; of the deep affliction through which, in a stranger country, you have passed! Full well do I know many are the trials through which you have passed since last I saw you; many are the sad tears that have flowed; many have been the lonely hours you have spent, without father, mother, brother, or sister, with whom to interchange thought!

We can shed with you the sympathetic tear. And can it be? Shall we welcome no more forever our dear brother to the home of our childhood? Is that deep, rich voice forever hushed in death?—that graceful form prostrate in the tomb? Ah, yes! You have seen him dying—dead! You have kissed, in death, that noble brow, the proudest type of nature's glory! You have beheld the beauty of that eye close in death! You looked upon the coffin that contained the lifeless form of a loved brother, carefully lowered to its deep, dark cell, there to repose, regardless of the stranger's tramp. You have listened, as the earth rattled on the coffin's lid; while the fast-falling tear told the anguish of thy lone heart. Days of sorrow, nights of anguish, pressed upon thee, while death's storm was fiercely beating, and the path of life was drear.

In a wild, barren land, where the gold-dust lies glittering,
Away from the home of his childhood so dear;
In the cold tomb of death our loved one is sleeping,
Regardless of clime, of sadness, or sorrow.
But there'll come at last the morning
When the herald trump shall sound;
Hasten on its glorious dawning—
For, O Lord, the power is thine!

A mild, refreshing sensation glides into the soul as the star grows pale in a higher light; so paled our brother as he approached the regions of the tomb. Farewell, tender, beloved, and kind brother, till in heaven we meet, to part no more!

Our dear father, when speaking of you, says: "Let me but see my child once more before I go hence; my days will soon be numbered!"

God, in mercy, hear our prayer! that we may yet meet in

life to drink in the air of home; for the atmosphere of childhood's home, so beloved, has a peculiar and a refreshing charm. O what joy when we hear the welcome message—"G—— has come!"—when again we shall grasp a brother's hand!—when, soft as the breath of May, a brother's gentle voice shall fall upon our enraptured ear;—when the kiss of affection shall imprint a brother's cheek. Delay not!—speed on the happy day. Adieu! God bless and prosper you!

Your ever affectionate, **A. P.**

LETTER XIV.

DEAR UNCLE :—I suppose you remember me only as a little girl. I am now nearly as large as your sister—pardon me! I should have said, my mother.

Would you like to hear a school-girl's talk? I will tell you what occurred to me the other day in school. I was reading, and came to a sentence which read, "Almighty framer of the skies," which I read, "Almighty farmer of the skies!" Scholars, teachers, and all, commenced laughing. But, on reflection, I am inclined to think it was not, after all, so terribly ludicrous; for, in contemplating the vast number of farms clothing earth's wide expanse, and which are watered by heavenly showers, without which, it is universally admitted, they would produce neither grain or vegetable for the sustenance of life; or beautiful flowers, with colors so finely blended that no artist brush can compete, I have come to the conclusion that the word "farmer" was not so much out of place.

It is said we must not tell tales "out of school;" but this is going to California; so I'll venture to say what I please. While we were reading in French, our teacher said, with a most important air, "I wish, girls, that you could read French as fluently as I can;"—to which I was just going to reply, "O dear! when we have read so long as you have, perhaps

we may!"—but a little hammer went—tap, tap, upon my heart—meaning, I suppose, "No! don't you!"—to which admonition I gave heed, contenting myself with giving to her a queer side-look; whispering to myself, "Dear me! you may as well feel less consequential; for, if we all knew as much as you do, there would be no need of our coming here to school."

Uncle, I wish I were a little fairy!—I'd take my music in my hand, and then I would say, "I'm going to California, my uncle for to see; so, mother, don't you cry for me!"—and then I would serenade the poor, weary sailor. Will you promise, on my arrival, to give to me, as a reward, a little gold husband? He must be neither too large, or too small—neither too old, nor too young; in manners, neither too Frenchy, nor uncouth;—and as I am exceedingly partial to blue, with which, in my opinion, gold is extremely harmonizing, the eyes may be blue, edged with crimson! Take the precaution, providing the metal, of which the skull is composed, prove not impenetrable, so that it may receive a bit of intellectuality, without which he will be unacceptable!

Next week is my birth-day; and I am to have some company. I do so wish you were to be here! I have heard so much about your dancing, I am dying to see you dance!

When you come home, we will have some fine times! We will have a horse-back ride on the lake shore; I do not think a more lovely place, of a summer's afternoon, is to be found for a horse-back ride, or a carriage drive;—the sun sparkles on the ripling waves, giving the lake the appearance of one broad sheet of glittering diamonds! Along the margin of the lake you may count pebbles by thousands, the waters are so clear. Look there!—see you that mammoth bull-frog, just beneath the water? I am sure he must be great-grandfather to all the frogs that croak their songs in unison, as the cow

boy lazily strolls along, as he follows the tinkling cow-bell. On my word, it is only the root of a tree! Was anything ever so deceptive? Let us have a lunch upon this splendid stone-table: just look at it!—is it not beautiful? Sit you up on that small stone, while I spread the contents of my pockets upon this massive rock.

By the way, have you yet found any gold brick-bats? You must, indeed, at times, feel very lonely. When I am commissioned "fairy," I shall make you frequent visits. Do you ever cry? O no! men are not such babies as to cry! So soon as you shall have read this, you will light your cigar with it; I care not if you do. All join in sending to you a bundle of love.—Truly yours.

LETTER XV.

Rancherea, April 30, 1850.

MY OWN DEAR SISTER:—I am a thousand times obliged for those kind letters from you and daughter, reminding me that you still recollect that you have a brother in a far-off distant land. I am so glad to know that you are in the enjoyment of health; that I can toil on to accomplish my undertaking! But what you told me of our dear parents, caused a shade of sadness to cross my otherwise cloudless brow. I trust their lives may still be spared to us. Sister, I do not see any way for me to leave California before one year from this spring, as my business affairs cannot be closed to advantage before that time.

I suppose the people at home generally think that all who come to this country must necessarily make money—an impression very far from the truth. Many industrious and hard-working men are actually owing me for provisions. This, of course, puts me back much; for who can help lending aid to a fellow-man in need? I am often buffeting the wind, and storm, and rain. And for what—a little gold!

When I see human nature as I see it here—man trampling upon the rights of his fellow-man—then my blood boils! But, cheer up, G——! only one short year; then I shall be once

more among dear friends, to forget the hardships of a California life.

I am often from home—if you can call a tent, pitched on the green sward, "home." I have been more than a thousand miles in the short space of five weeks; sometimes on foot, and sometimes on mule-back. It is no easy matter to write letters here in the mountains. No desk; no convenience of any kind. I am now on Sutter Creek. There is but one way to get to this camp, and that difficult enough; so much so, that we are obliged to let down our wagon by ropes. When once here, we are shut out from the world by high mountains; but the water is pellucid for our use. The miners are composed of almost all nations. The language mostly spoken is Spanish, of which I can speak sufficient to trade with them. We here have a specimen of the confusion of languages at the building of the "Tower of Babel." There will be six or eight different dialects spoken at one time, a sample of which I will give you. Last Sabbath, I was invited out to dine by some of my friends. About noon, I repaired to the camp, which was located near a small, running stream, and which was supplied by a large spring coming from the mountains just above. The shade thrown from the thick foliage on the bank, and a light breeze, made it a delightful retreat from the hot rays of the scorching sun. In the centre of the camp, and in a spot that was mostly protected by the shade, was spread a large quantity of leaves, which much resemble the palm-leaf. They were so constructed and arranged as to form a table some eight inches from the ground. Around this were strewn clean leaves, and mats for the company to sit upon. It was not long before the guests were all seated about this green-leaf table. Then was served up wild game, and meats in abundance, with vegetables of all

kinds which the miners could afford; after which, came the dessert, which was most delicious. I sat near the head of the table, with three tawny ladies, of different nations, at my right; on my left and opposite, sat Portuguese, Spaniards, Mexicans, Chilians, native Sandwich Islanders, and Californians, while I was the only American. I have not worked in the mines since last fall; neither do I intend to. One is obliged to stand knee-deep, and sometimes waist-deep, in cold spring water, the hot rays of the sun pouring down upon his head. Many a poor man will carry the marks of California to his grave!

Sister, you know not how much I miss our dear brother; for I had my heart set upon his cöoperation with me in my business affairs. To part with him so soon after his arrival, and in such a place, none, no, none can imagine my feelings, save those who, like me, have lost a dear, a loved friend, in this foreign land!

Permit me again to thank you for those very kind letters, begging you to continue them.

Your affectionate brother, G. W. B.

LETTER XVI.

MY DEAR NIECE :—You have both taken me by surprise and given me much pleasure, by the "note," as you term it, which came to hand in due time. Yes, I do remember you as a "little girl," and myself quite small, too! It was some nine years ago, and I thought those days would last always. Since I left the States, the four years have added to my appearance twice their number. Before leaving home, I knew not what sorrow was; but in this land of gold, I have been made to feel the hand of a mightier Power than man's. Yes, dear niece! you have lost one of the most noble-hearted and whole-souled men that ranked among your uncles. I think you recollect him not: but ask your mother; she can tell you what a noble heart beat in his pure bosom!

You surprise me much when you say you are fifteen. I forgot that you could advance in age and stature as well as myself. I am glad to learn you are progressing in your studies. I, like many others, as I advance in life, see the folly of neglecting, in youth, to improve every moment diligently as they fly on the swift wing of time. Tell E—— to remember me, and pay strict attention to the advice of his mother. How I wish I might be in U—— this spring, to welcome you to the home of my childhood—the place which

has, to me, most endearments on earth! That party of which you speak: I wish I could make you a surprise call; it would do my heart good! But, alas! the deep blue sea rolls between. Yes, A——, when I do return home, I intend to have quite a play-spell after this long imprisonment. You speak of horse-back riding. You ought to see the Mexican ladies ride;—they sit as though the animal and themselves were one! I suppose you have seen accounts of the horsemanship of California; and it is unnecessary for me here to repeat.

Yesterday I was drawing the gold-bearing earth, with two ox-teams, some half a mile to the water; some five men employed in extracting the gold therefrom, for which I paid them five dollars each per day. This would seem large pay in the States. To-day the rain is falling fast, and my time is occupied in the store. Nothing, during my stay in California, has given me so much unexpected pleasure as the reception of your letter. Letters from absent friends do us as much good as the finding of a lump of gold. I pray you to continue the same.

With love, yours, G. W. B.

LETTER XVII.

H——, March 12, 1854.

MR. H——: RESPECTED SIR:—Allow me to congratulate you upon the happy success which seems to have attended your efforts thus far in life. . . . You are aware that I am now at H——, where I am endeavoring to prosecute my studies with profit. With the many advantages with which I am surrounded, I hope to make great proficiency. The thought occurred to me that possibly some of your readers (for I learn that, together with the legal profession, you have become Associate Editor of the "Courier,") might wish to avail themselves of the privileges of the school which I am now enjoying. . . . . The Academy is a spacious stone edifice with a hall running through the center, on the left of which is the receiving parlor; on the right the library, in the rear of which is the young ladies' parlor; the dining hall occupies the basement of one of the wings; the city school room which is on the second floor, is commodious and well furnished; there are other rooms used for recitation rooms. The boarders are obliged to remain in their rooms during study hours.

The building is heated with a furnace, and lighted by gas, and is under the special control of the principal, the lights

being all extinguished at the hour of ten. It is located on a gentle eminence, overlooking the country as far as the eye can reach, embracing nearly the whole range of the Catskill mountains. Nothing can exceed the magnificence of the scenery as viewed from the window of my studio. The landscape surpasses description, heaven seems to smile upon the lovely spot, presenting as it does, every variety requisite for romantic beauty. Added to which, is a clear view of the beautiful and sparkling waters of the Hudson river, with steamboats constantly passing upon its silvery surface. A view is also had of the cars as they pass with lightning speed along the margin of the river; it is said they run with greater velocity along this road than any other, and truly so I thought, as the cars in which we were seated, flew on with fearful rapidity.

There are connected with the school some ten instructors, all of whom are admirably adapted to the sphere in which they move. M'dlle V——— is a strict and untiring native French teacher. The young ladies every Monday evening have a French soiree for the purpose of conversing in French.

Particular attention is paid to the reading of the English classics, and to history. Written analyses of all the studies which will admit of such a course, form a part of each day's exercise. The natural sciences are illustrated by a full course of experiments.

A scientific system pervades the various departments. But my time has expired, and yet there are many things of which I would like to speak. Your quick eye will detect the errors of this, for which you will please make allowance.

Yours respectfully, A——.

LETTER XVIII.

U——, 1842.

DEAR SISTER:—Still dear, though so long silent, I cannot divine what sad catastrophe had befallen your pen! Why is it? In vain have I attempted a reconciliation with my heart. Thus I have been obliged to give up in despair, leaving time and yourself to unravel the mystery.

Have I been so unfortunate as to offend you? If so, I regret it most bitterly. If I have done aught to grieve you, I am heartily sorry. Let the case be what it may, if you have any grievances, only write and state them, and you shall find me most penitent. In your letter to E——, you say, "give my love to H—— and husband." We feel grateful that we are still held in remembrance by you, but still, your long silence is indeed most cruel. It certainly is not because I have neglected you.

When first I received your message, I felt the color deepen on my cheek. I thought to myself, "I will not write." After a little reflection, I remembered my sweet sister's kindness before her marriage, how tenderly she loved me, how anxious during my sickness she watched through the long weary night, bending gently down and kissing my cheek, offering cordials

to cool my parched tongue. Those acts of a sister's kindness are engraven too deeply on my heart ever to be erased.

I have so much to say, that you will have occasion for a large share of patience. In the first place then, we were exceedingly sorry you were unable to attend our wedding. I half fancy you are impatiently waiting to hear about our wedding day, wedding tour, &c.

On the morning of the 19th of November, some minutes before three o'clock, the servant, together with brother, E—— and myself were up. J—— busily engaged dressing the *bride elect,* of the beautiful C. C. B. At seven o'clock our friends arrived; you may well imagine the time seemed long from three until seven. All things passed off pleasantly. At nine we took the cars for Albany; from thence, we took the steamboat down the river to New York, and went directly to sister's, who was anxiously awaiting our arrival. Here we remained until Thursday, when we left for Philadelphia; we were blest with fine weather all the while; we spent several days in that city; visited the Fair Mount Water Works, which are splendid, and the most attractive places. We were accompanied by Hon. Mr.——, a gentleman of fine taste and talent.

Our sail up and down the Delaware was delightful; every thing was calculated to make me happy; the weather was fine; my health constantly improving, and the being whom of all others I loved and worshiped, at my side, while we promenaded the deck, inhaling the soft and exhilarating breeze. Is there not happiness in loving one supremely, and knowing we are loved in return! O, I would not exchange my situation for that of a princess; in no place could happiness be found, unless my loved one were at my side.

In traveling, it is highly diverting to watch the stream of anxious busy faces, which unceasingly pass. Every one is, of

course, in pursuit of some favorite object, compared with which, no doubt to them, the whole world besides is insignificant, and all, by fate, are either doomed to a happy realization or disappointed hopes.

We returned to New York. It added to our happiness to meet dear brother there. Once more I beg to hear speedily from you. H. B.

Dear Sister, do not be offended because I have had your letter published; I fancy you will say, Why did you not ask my permission? I would have written something better. Because this is just what I want, familiar, unrestrained, heart expressions; so please forgive! I will promise never to be guilty of so naughty an act again.

Yours, as ever, A.

LETTER XIX.

S—— F——.

DEAR SISTER:—Without claim or merit, your gratuitous scolding letter came to hand in due time; ha! ha! a bride scolding. To read your epistle one would suppose your face to be as long as my arm—at the same time were I to enter your presence, your two black eyes would be flashing like two diamonds, and a happy smile playing about your mouth—for who ever saw you looking sober?

One would suppose you had forgotten I have a husband and three little cherub chickens, who by their artless, cunning, or mischievous pranks, occupy my undivided attention. When I sit me down to write, one is clambering upon the back of my chair and catching at the top of my pen, giving an exquisite flourish to my letters; another must needs bump his head as an excuse to sit upon my lap and rest the unfortunate little pate upon my bosom; by this time the kettle must need be talking. I dare presume to say, I have given you a satisfactory apology for my (as you term it) "long silence."

Please make my compliments and best wishes acceptable to your adored husband. Yes, we all know he is "beautiful;" still better, good. It would have afforded me extreme pleasure

to have been able to except your kind invitation to be present at your wedding. I am most happy to learn that your "tour" was a pleasant one, and your health has been improving. May you continue to realize all the happiness you anticipate; I pray God to bless you both, and that he will fortify your hearts for all the changing vicissitudes of life, and fit you for an inheritance above.

Pray let it not be long before you write to your

Ever affectionate, A——

LETTER XX.

UNFORGOTTEN FRIEND:—With the hope of dispelling a gloomy freak, just gathering to my heart, I took up my album to commune with sweet friends of other days, the spirits of some of whom have long since departed to the land of rest; turning, leaf after leaf, my eye rested on the name of ———; naturally, the thought struck me, I should like to know where he is, and what his fate has been. At the same time my sister wrote me, telling me she had just heard from my old, though possibly forgotten friend R—— P——, and giving me your address; I could not forego the pleasure at this late period of fulfilling the promise which I made to you when last I saw you. Many years have past, since we wandered mid the rugged wilds of Trenton Falls, where we stood beneath the tottering rocks and gazed upon the gushing waters, and listened to their music roar; how often I have shuddered, as I thought how recklessly we sported upon the stone pavement (as evenly laid by nature as if the chisel and hammer of man had aided therein,) rendered dangerously slippery by the continued spray of the dashing waters. It was here, the beautiful Miss E—— S——, of New York City, lost her life, while on a pleasure excursion with her parents and affianced lover. The last words she uttered, were, "Never

in my life was I so delighted." Her friends turned to catch her smile; deep horror struck them, she was no where to be seen! The aged father, trembling stood, tear drops gathered to his eyes; the loved mother hid her bosom throbs, the sweet sister and devoted lover stood near, as pale as alabaster. Three weary days the search kept on, at length her corpse was found, far down the rocky steep at rest, beneath the wave, and often has the humble cotter told her mournful story in the stranger's ear. Though young, well do I remember the silent multitude that thronged the bridge, as slowly and sadly the funeral train approached the city. Even now, though dream like, the tear springs to my eye as memory recalls the window where I stood when I saw her, beautiful, light-hearted and free, trip from the steps of the hotel, assisted by her gay lover into the carriage, when but a few hours after, in an instant, like the lightning's flash, she was carried over the falls into the rapid whirlpool below; so instantaneous was the catastrophe, that no warning wail escaped her lips. Can anything be more sad!

In my opinion, it is neither unwise, or unprofitable to take occasionally a view of the past; we are taught while with rapid speed, memory recalls other days and other scenes, that all of earth is not joyous, neither all sad. Many of life's incidents linger about the memory with a tenacity, which time will never destroy: such are bright spots dotting the winding way of man's fleeting day.

It seems as though the moon shone less brightly now, than in days of yore, as oft by its silvery light we extended our walk along some unfrequented path beyond the "Hermit's hut," which stood on the hill top, through the key-hole of which, we used, when children, to peep, with the hope of having a sight of the odd being who tarried there; then half frightened

out of our senses, we would run as though "old nick" were after us.

I often laugh when I think how effectually you were cured of teasing a young lady about being small, as you sauntered along one evening, watching the moon in meridian splendor, as it sailed under a cloud, when some naughty boys sprang from their hiding place; in affright, the lady clinging more closely to your arm, you said, "Do not be terrified; you are so small that I could, in case of danger, put you in the pocket of my coat." In reply, she said, "It would be exceedingly unfortunate for you, sir, should your pocket be found to contain more sense than your head." I thought Mr. —— and Miss ——, would never have done teasing you; I believe you said you did get a little wrathy once. Many are the changes which have since come and gone. On one occasion, I shall never forget what flashes of wit were momentarily falling from your lips, when unanimously we declared that, a "poet" you must be.

I still retain one of those Debating Society tickets; how I did enjoy those debates, more especially when our friend E— and yourself were to occupy the floor. The flowings of elegant and chaste language from a well cultivated mind, is a rich feast on all occasions. In what way, can time be more profitably spent, than listening to lectures on different subjects, teeming with elegant sentiment?

But I must have done; I shall weary you.

Your friend, ——.

LETTER XXI.

New O——, April 12, 1849.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—Judge my surprise and delight on going to my office this morning, to find a letter from you. I was, at first, surprised on looking at the post mark, wondering whom I could possibly know there. Then on opening the letter I was still more puzzled at its first line or two, but on turning to the signature, what a flood of early, and to me happy recollection it called forth! Can it be possible that it is — years since we met? Time (and it will not prove false,) admonishes me, it is so. I have seen many ups and downs in life since I saw you; my life has truly been a chequered one, but the last sad portion is told in the loss of my lovely and amiable companion, whom it has pleased Him who rules all things, to take from me; but she has gone to a better world, where I hope and trust to meet her. Death was but the work of a moment, caused by the rupture of a blood vessel.

I passed through U—— last fall, in the night; there was no time to make any inquiries. I shall be in New York, in July next, and if time will possibly permit, will pay you a visit going or returning. Write often, and believe me, your letters will always be welcome.

Truly your friend, P. R. L——.

LETTER XXII.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I flatter myself you are impatiently waiting to hear from me, and learn how I have enjoyed myself during the time which has passed since I left your pleasant domicil. I have reached my home in safety, heart unscathed by "cupid's dart"; he seems to have bent unsuccessfully his bow. I met with a gentleman on the packet, with whom I had a slight acquaintance; he came to me, and asked me if I would not like to take a promenade on deck, and "view the gladsome scenery." Being weary of the monotonous cabin, I gladly accepted his kind invitation. While walking, "Did you know," asked he, "that you have made a conquest?" "Why, how?" asked I; "explain yourself; I do not understand you." "Have you noticed," said he, "a gentleman who has spoken with me several times;" I said "yes." "He has been inquiring about you, and wished to know if I had any claim. I told him I had not; he then asked me to give him an introduction. He being a stranger to me, and I being wholly unacquainted with his reputation, I thought it unwise to give him an introduction, without first asking your permission, though his appearance speaks well for him. It now remains with you to say, whether it shall be given." I thanked him kindly for his thoughtfulness, and declined.

It was late in the evening when I arrived home, and I came very near resting ingloriously deep in the canal. Just as I was about stepping from the packet, I lost my foothold and sank immersed to my neck; my friend, assisted by others, succeeded in rescuing me. I am sure, had you been near me, you would have laughed, at least, with your twinkling eyes, at which I should have pouted. Though a hotel was close at hand, I persisted in going directly home, it being so dark, none could discover the plight my saturated garments and dishevelled hair presented in wild luxuriance. You should have seen the affrighted look of Biddy as she answered the bell—"Be dad," said she, stepping a few paces back, "What's happened you? Come in quick till I call the master and mistress." My friend called the next evening, and he sported a little about the gentleman who unfortunately left the packet boat a few miles back of the romantic catastrophe. "Had he only have remained, he might have laid strong claims upon your friendship."

Now for my journey: The driver having closed the stage door, (by dint of some inconvenience to the passengers a seat was secured to me, for the stage was crowded to its utmost capacity,) on we rolled, creeping up the hills, dashing through the valleys, rattling over bridges. As we neared A——, I began to feel a little tremulous with regard to changing stages, for you know I am very timid, and unaccustomed to traveling unprotected; I looked to see with whom I might speak. After a little, an elderly lady, in a soft sweet voice, asked me if I resided in A——; I replied that I was going to H——, and asked her if she thought I should be long detained at A—— in waiting for the change. She informed me that they would stop until the next day. This information caused my heart to make such a bound at my throat as to start a tear to my eye. While I was wondering within myself, if I could possibly

summon sufficient fortitude to live through the night, at the hotel, and I a lone stranger. She had been watching me, and now inquired if "I had no acquaintance in A——," I told her "not the most distant." After some apparent hesitation, she extended to me an invitation to go home with her, which I most gladly accepted, for I thought I could not be mistaken—she must be a lady of honor. After the usual greetings of the family—numbering six beautiful daughters—the mother related to them the circumstances under which she had invited me to tarry over night with them. So soon as the husband of the lady had learned my name, and place of residence, it was discovered that he knew my father by reputation, and had spoken with him a few times. This of course, removed some restraint, and each seemed to vie with the other in efforts to make my stay a pleasant one, and well did they succeed. After the tea things were removed, the affianced husband of one of the young ladies came in, and the evening being fine, a walk was proposed. As we were passing the stage office, I asked the favor of one of the young gentlemen if he would step in and book me for H——, for the next day. In the morning he called to say that through some means unknown to him, there would no stage leave for that place until the day following; at this information they all began clapping their hands, saying there were some places of note, among which, was the prison—that I should now have an opportunity of visiting. After a little persuasion, I was induced to remain until the latter part of the week. I shall ever remember with the warmest gratitude the kindness shown me on this occasion. The richest of heaven's blessings fall upon this beautiful family.

Mr. B—— is, I should judge, a model husband and father; his life appears to be devoted to the happiness of his family.

In the morning as he takes his leave for the day, he first steps playfully behind his wife, and steals a kiss, then, he kisses the daughters, and trips off as gay as any young gentleman. On the third morning I was numbered among the rest, which sent the blood to my cheek: "O," said one of the young ladies, "papa considers you as an adopted daughter."

The day had arrived on which I was to take my leave; the stage rolled up to the door—all seemed to feel badly—the last kiss was taken, and I took my seat in the stage. The driver cracked his whip; off we started, no soul but myself in the rattling stage. Just as we left the suburb of the village a young man gets in—like all rogues, prepossessing in his appearance. On and on we roll; I keep my face turned towards the window; at length he inquires to what place I am going, I replied in as few words as may be. Now and then he makes a remark. I remain as taciturn as possible. Now we are in the country; we near a tavern; the stage stops; the driver lets down the steps and says, "Miss, you will have to get out here; we change horses." My companion in travel is very polite in assisting me out, but still more so in assisting my traveling basket. Soon again all is ready; he politely hands me into the stage, closes the door, bows politely; for this time he leaves, and cuts across the fields. I looked in vain for the curling smoke above the tree tops, to tell that a cottage is nigh. All alone, on we plod, or I should say, jog; I begin to wonder where the people are, that there is no more traveling.

These steep hills make me tremble. Here we ascended a narrow steep pass, and my heart flutters lest the horses lose their strength and we roll back with ten fold velocity; now we are descending, and I hold my breath lest the stage take it into its inanimate self to turn a somerset over the horses; now I am so glad that we reach the level. The driver turns a

corner and stops at a neat looking house; two sweet looking ladies come out, and get into the stage—he is evidently partial to having these ladies for passengers, for another runs out with a dish of most tempting berries. On seeing me alone, she first passes them to me, saying, "Lady, take some, do."

We are off again. The muttering thunder tells of an approaching storm, the clouds have already gathered blackness—we near our destination; now we stop at the house; the Dr. steps out to see whom he has the pleasure, or displeasure of greeting. The lightnings flash, large drops begin to patter; I spring from the stage; I look in my basket, and lo! I am minus a purse. "Drive on" says the Dr. to the driver, "I'll see you again," we scarce enter the hall before the rain pours in perfect sheets of water.

Now for the purse story, over which we had a hearty laugh. Just before leaving my friend's house in A——, I took from my purse, all my money but just sufficient to pay my fare, and put it in my trunk, then locking the trunk, put the key in my purse. A gentleman present took from his wallet a piece of poetry, saying, "though I value this, you shall have it to remind you hereafter of a bit of romance attached to the visit we have all enjoyed so much." One of the sisters took from a little box, pieces of poetry, a hand full of round tins, cut in the shape, and about the size of a shilling piece, filling my purse to the brim; she holding it up said laughing, "See we have sent you away richer than when you came." It afforded us no little sport, as we thought how chagrined the fellow must have felt when to his surprise, he found the purse to contain in place of bank notes and silver coin, verses and baby tin. The key was to me a loss, without being to him any gain unless it serve to unlock to him the heart of a fool.

LETTER XXIII.

MY DEAR E. C.:—I should assuredly complain of your long silence, if I did not know, experimentally, that one may love one's friends exceedingly well, though one is unable to write them. Besides, I have the satisfaction of being sure that you have many times recollected the debt you so justly owe me, and possibly, too, while you remain indebted, you think of me much more often than you would were the account cancelled.

The mercantile profession appears to be the one for which you are best adapted, and in order to be successful in any branch of employment, it is an indispensable requisite, that one have a thorough knowledge, and that he understand the established principles by which men are governed in it. It is then of utility that you be under the instruction of one already versed in the business, before you can succeed on your own account. Be faithful then to your employers, make their interest your interest, and when you have done all that you are in duty bound to do, if in return you are not treated with due respect, why never stop to contend or quarrel, but seek some other place where you may be appreciated.

Study to be upright, just and fair in all your dealings, and thus your character will remain unimpeached through life. Let

conscience, that innate principle which decides on the rightfulness or unlawfulness of our actions, and instantly approves or condems them, do its perfect work, and you will escape many a snare. Some men, while riches increase, become so excessively eager, so inordinately covetous of filthy lucre, as to draw the reins so tightly, in all their business matters, and heap such heavy masses upon conscience, that it becomes so pressed, wedged, and tightly strained as to remain inactive. Others are so often brought in contact with the furnace as to become seared and thus rendered unsusceptible.

It is pleasent to feel that we have the confidence of those with whom we are associated, to feel, that we are regarded by them as persons of veracity. Glorious rays of sunshine gleam about the pathway of the just.

The motives, on any subject which incite to action, should on all occasions be well considered before the will is determined. A rash or hasty resolve, incautiously reflected upon, may hurl the man to irretrievable degradation. There is then a powerful inducement to lead to deep thought, and it may be well to consider that there is no peace to the wicked, saith my God. The crowning excellence of man is pure and undefiled religion. In many minds the impression seems to exist that the contemplation of religion is a gloomy subject. Not so. Religion cherishes a spirit of confidence in God, a calm submission to his will, and thus tends to allay the excitement of passion. The man of a devotional spirit feels that all his interests are in the hands of a Being who "doeth all things well." If the waves of passion rise for a moment, there is a power that restrains their violence. The same voice which once said to the stormy billows, "peace, be still," in gentle whispers quells the tumult of the soul. The storm is past, the angry surges die away in gentle ripples on the shore.

The tendency of religion to correct evil propensities, is then truly manifest; it brings the glorious plan of God's government so near to the heart, that it becomes impossible for man to wrap himself up in his own interest, and thus throw off all concern for the happiness of others. The cord which binds his heart to heaven, will bind it to his brother man. Again: Religion directs the thoughts to subjects that tend to elevate the mind, and thus give it greater power to restrain evil. The mind naturally assimilates itself to those objects with which it is principally conversant. The mind of the miser is absorbed in pecuniary matters, while the spendthrift, characters alike obnoxious, is given to improvident prodigality; while the mind of the philanthropist and the true patriot exhibits in characters no less distinctly marked, the bent of their energies. Hence, we see when man has been brought to view in its true light, the depth of sin into which he has fallen. When he feels that God for Christ's sake has forgiven his sins, his mind which before groveled in the dust, begins to expand, and his intellectual capacities are elevated.

Is then, I ask, religion unprofitable and fraught with gloom? I tell you, nay. Does not religion strengthen enjoyment? Seek then in early manhood to lay up for yourself treasures durable as eternity. "Seek first the kingdom of heaven," the foundation stone of happiness here. There is a brighter world beyond the tomb where saints immortal dwell. "Come hither," the Saviour cries, "I am the way."

I rejoice to know that you take no interest in the reading of the cheap and trashy publications which are continually being crowded upon the attention of the young. The press is a valuable, a glorious instrument to which we are indebted for much pleasant past time; much, very much that is instructive. But alas! what earthly good, except the religion of the dear Saviour, is untinctured by evil.

Dearest, you will soon have launched your bark upon the tempestuous ocean of life. Alone, you must battle with its stern realities, and contend with its stern elements. Buckle then your armor on, and manfully battle the shafts of satan as they fly to intercept your upward course. In whatever business you may be engaged, you will find difficulties with which to contend; apply yourself diligently, with ever careful assiduity; maintain a gentlemanly deportment; condescend not to the customs of the day, namely, swearing and foul language, and you shall secure to yourself respect and admiration.

I wish to impress upon your mind the necessity of untiring application in whatever profession you may be engaged. The indolent man, however bright his prospects may be, without a steady fixed purpose, seldom prospers. Maintain the same determined spirit, which, on one occasion, you exhibited when a little boy of some four summers. While one day seated upon the gate post, a colored man was passing, of whom you had seen but few: you called out, "Say, man, what makes your face so blacky?" to which interrogation, the man asked in reply, "How is your little sister?" "Pretty well," said you, "But what makes your face so blacky?" Still evasive, he asked, "What is your name?" "My name," said you, "is Charles, *but what made your face so blacky?*" "Did your mama let you live out in the sun until you was tanned so badly?" This made the black man laugh and he said, "No. God made me so."

In selecting associates, studiously avoid those who are vulgar in their behavior and manners. Rudeness is unbecoming any one, but more especially offensive and indecorous in young ladies and gentlemen. He who has not sufficient self-respect and pride of character to behave himself with modesty, is unfitted to be an associate with the polite. It is indicative of a

heart unpossessed of refined traits, consequently unworthy of imitation. With wisdom, avoid then the company of the idle, profane and vicious; associate with none but the discreet and the virtuous, and thus you will rise in the world and win to yourself a good name, whose price is above rubies. One of pure habits can hardly fail to secure the confidence of his fellow citizens, and rapidly rise on the wing of fame.

Let your lady associates, by all means, be from the ranks of the retiring and intellectual. It was said by a gentleman far advanced in life, I think Henry Clay, though I may be mistaken: "I love woman, I have loved her all my life, through boyhood, youth, manhood and maturer years. I expect to love her all my life, and dying, to be found faithful to the same high and inspiring sentiment. For amid all the varied scenes, temptations, struggles, and hopes of existence, one star brighter than all others, has lighted and guided me onward. If I have ever had any high and noble ambition, the exciting energy has been in the approving smile coming from the eye of woman. And I judge her influence is thus upon others; gentle in her affections, yet mighty through their influence; her medium of rule is as powerful as the ballot-box; she has ruled me in my boyhood with the soft and winning influence of her virtue and beauty. I remember my first love, my baby affections at four years of age; I have been in love nearly every month since—save the dark and rayless days."

Be greatly cautious that you crimson not your soul with the purple gore of woman's unrequited love. Dare not tempt the heart to slide away into forbidden paths. Let not the serpent tongue ever prompt you to deceive with gilded words; alarm not for a moment the peace that dwells in an unspotted heart, but like a generous soul protect, and ward of the tempter.

Never, at first acquaintance, approach a lady in silly, fawning

fondness—address her by no rude love-sick expressions, for be she educated and refined, you will disgust, in place of securing respect. Should you admire a lady, let your advances be steady, increased, and fervent, and at a respectful distance. Trifle not with the heart of the most simple. Many a pretty face, after a few interviews will have lost the charm, in consequence of lack of intellect. Two interviews at most, will decide for a gentleman of sagacious mind.

'Tis silence that often chides the guilty soul, lifting the veil that no other hand may raise—thus clouds of darkest gloom may blast the brightest visions of the past, to condemn and blight the actions of the heart. Conscious guilt with its unslackened hold catches at life's joys and bears them far away.

Short sighted mortals in moments of desperation, expose to open disgrace their future prosperity. Be constant then in all your ways; and peace and joy like a silver dome, shall shelter through life's pilgrimage.

Yours, with deep solicitude,
and lasting affection,

MOTHER.

LETTER XXIV.

SALT LAKE, Weber Valley, Nov. 22, 1854.

DEAR PARENTS:—Some six months having elapsed since my last communication, dated St. Joseph, you are no doubt anxious to hear from me, and learn my whereabouts. When last I wrote, I expected ere this to be in California, but an overruling Providence has ordered otherwise, and I find myself at the present time snugly fixed for the winter in the Great Salt Lake Valley, which is the present abode of the followers of the renowned Joe Smith, the great "Mormon Prophet;" and am now in the enjoyment of the best of health, not having had a sick day since leaving home.

Our train left Carlyle, Ill., on the 12th of April, and arrived in the Great Salt Lake City on the 25th day of August, making the trip in four months and six days; during which time we traveled a distance of about 1,900 miles, being 500 miles and upwards from Carlyle to St. Joseph, on the western frontier, and 1,150 from thence to Salt Lake.

We experienced a great many hardships, and expect many more before reaching our journey's end. In crossing the plains we were obliged to keep a constant guard at night, the Indians being ever on the alert to steal stock and rob trains, and do not scruple to kill emigrants, if they can make anything by so

doing. Our horses and cattle are in excellent condition. When we came in to the Valley they were in a very poor condition; in fact were not able to travel ten miles a day, our average speed being about eighteen miles per day; some days twenty-five and thirty, and others twelve and fifteen. We have now 800 miles to travel in the spring, and will start about the first of April, all in good order; I think we shall make it in about six or seven weeks.

I suppose you would like a description of the country through which we have passed. I shall not now be able to give a complete account, as I have on the morrow to go some thirty miles with G——, after a cow which we lost when we came into the Valley. We are now living some forty miles from the city, and it is only occasionally that we have a chance to send. The mail is carried on the backs of mules. The time from here to the States, is twenty-five days. They may not now make it in full time, as the grass is becoming scarce, and that is all on which they have to subsist. Our camp was moving about, nearly three weeks before we selected our winter quarters, which are located on Weber river, a beautiful stream half the size of the Seneca, and fed from the mountains which hem us in on every side. The water, being equal to that I ever drank from any well, is used for all purposes. It is located about thirty or thirty-five miles from Salt Lake City, and runs east and west at our camp, emptying into the Great Salt Lake. Salt Lake Valley is also surrounded by mountains on every side, and is settled for two hundred miles south, and about eighty north of the city. The part of the valley where the city lies is about forty miles wide. The entrance to the valley is through the mountains, by means of "kanyons," or passes between mountain spurs, caused by rivers and streams running through them.

In order to get to our camp, after traveling to the Weber from the city, we ascend the river through the valley, which at that place is six miles wide, and in many places one hundred feet high. We have to travel through the pass with horses, or on foot, it being impossible to get a wagon to our valley, there being nothing but an Indian trail, about one foot wide. In some places we find ourselves midway between the top of the mountain and the roaring torrent beneath, where one false step would plunge us in the waters below, that dash over the rocks with frightful rapidity; again, we travel on the bottom for a few hundred yards, where a carriage might be rolled; then up the side of the mountain, till at last we arrive in our valley, which is well worth all the pains we have taken to get to it. We entered this, our winter home, on the 19th of September, and after a few days prospecting, commenced the operation of building a kerriel for our cattle, which occupied some two days. The next thing was, a house to keep our poor bodies warm, which, after about three days more *hard* labor, we succeeded in raising. It being built of cotton-wood logs, a timber very much resembling the poplar in the States, which when dry it is almost impossible to split. The house is eighteen feet long, seven feet high, and twelve feet wide; contains one door, and a small window, formed by cutting a hole in the side, and tacking a piece of cloth over to keep the rain and wind from beating in upon us. It is divided into three apartments.

I have just been interrupted by a party of Indians, who are out on a war expedition against their foes and expect to return in a few days with a few scalps. They all dismounted from their ponies, leaned their rifles against the house—a token of peace—and came in to warm themselves, and beg a piece of bread, which we were obliged to give them in order to

keep on good terms. They expressed much satisfaction, remounted their ponies, and proceeded on their journey.

The Mormons are constantly troubled with these Indians, who, though friendly, go about begging from house to house. The people dare not refuse them for fear of disturbances. A few days subsequent to our arrival, two boys were killed by Indians, who live south of the city. They were pursued by a band of friendly Indians—Shoshones—who live north, (the same who gave us a call.) The two who shot the boys were taken prisoners, and delivered to the Mormons, who hung them in Salt Lake City, on the 15th of September.

We are some eight miles from the nearest post, where our wagons are stationed. At present we number seven. Perhaps you may be curious to know how we pass our time. We have plenty to do. James is absent. Look now, Uncle Edward is baking a batch of bread. The young gentleman, his friend from New York city, is sewing a vast rent in his pants. One of the Arkansas boys is skinning a wolf which was killed last night; another has taken his gun to see if he can kill a hare for our supper.

To the east, perhaps three miles from camp, is a large mountain, nearly three hundred feet above the level of the sea, and four or five miles in length. To the south-east rises Weber river, against the large mountain. To the north-west rises a large stream on the other side of the mountain, called Dry Creek, which at present contains no water, but in the spring is a roaring torrent, as large as Weber river at present. This stream empties into the Weber, a hundred yards below our camp, and one mile from the eastern mouth of the Kanyon. For miles on the south and north of us extend ranges of mountains as far as the eye can reach. Thus you see we are completely surrounded by mountains. The sun does not rise to

our view until 7 o'clock, and sets behind the mountains about 4½ o'clock, but shines through the Kanyon in the west until it is quite down, reflecting its golden rays on the mountains in the east, sending a welcome streak of light across our "log hut," until it sinks below the horizon over the bright waters of the Great Salt Lake, twenty miles to the westward.

Our valley is in the shape of a triangle, and contains fifteen or twenty square miles of level grazing ground, besides the grazing of the mountains, and where we often find the cattle at night.

Salt Lake City is situated on the south-east corner of Salt Lake, which is about fifteen miles distant. The city occupies an area of about five or six miles. The houses are one and two stories high, and are built of adobes or unburnt brick. There is very little mechanical business carried on in the city, or country for want of material. There is one machine shop which employs three hands. Wages are good, ranging from one to three dollars a day. I have just returned from the city, and shall not leave the Kanyon again until about the first of March, at which time I think of taking a trip to the city of Prow, south of the Great Salt Lake, previous to leaving for California. Salt Lake City contains but few buildings of note. Brigham Young's house is in rather better style than the others, and the Temple, which is enclosed by a wall twelve or fourteen feet high, is about the style of the old Wesleyan Church at Seneca Falls, having no cupola. There is, however, the foundation for a larger one on the old site.

We left St. Joseph with about one hundred and eighty head of cattle. Being unfortunate with our horses we shall be under the necessity of purchasing more. One sickened and died a few days before reaching here; two were killed by wolves who are very numerous. Scarcely a night passes but

we are aroused from our slumbers by the bark of thirty or forty, who are after our cattle. We spring for our guns and run out to drive them off. They make a yelling which will make the hair stand on end, unless he is used to their nightly concerts. There are great numbers of elk and bears, and plenty of game of every description. Some two or three weeks ago, while E—— and myself were gathering the cattle at evening some four or five miles from the camp, we saw a huge grizzly bear, nearly as large as a horse, making for us. We ran for our horses, which were a quarter of a mile distant, mounted, and started for our camp in a hurry.

Provision and clothing of every description are high. Flour, five dollars per hundred; coffee, forty cents per pound; sugar, forty cents; Kossuth hats, five dollars; common pants, ten dollars per pair; and boots, eight and ten dollars, per pair. There is but little liquor, at twenty-five cents a drink. It is so long since I have tasted a drop that I have forgotton its flavor.

Government has two or three hundred soldiers stationed at Salt Lake City. We expect to live comfortably this winter, having plenty of milk and butter.

EDWARD.

LETTER XXV.

MY DEAR E——:—Your letter from Salt Lake is just received. It rejoiced our hearts to hear that you were in the enjoyment of health, and as comfortably situated as circumstances would permit. I am most happy to know that you appreciate the source from whence your protection flows; that you realize an overruling Providence. Continue to put your trust in Him, for he hears even the "ravens, when they cry." Select so far as possible, for your companions, the good and virtuous. They will help to stay your feet in wisdom's ways. God has blest you with intellectual powers of more than ordinary capacity. Suffer yourself then, not to be led into out-breaking sins. Lend no listening ear to the sceptic's story. "Believe on the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved."

Many there are base enough to sport at the name of Jesus. Hear his words: "whosoever is ashamed of me, on earth, of him will I be ashamed in the kingdom of heaven." To substantiate the truth of the Saviour's life upon earth, we have the testimony of other than his disciples. Publius Lentullus, who knew our Saviour personally, was the proconsul of Judea, then a province of the Roman Empire. He communicated to the Senate of Rome, some account of the appearance of the Redeemer of the world. Hear what he says:

"There lives at this time in Judea, a man of singular character, whose name is Jesus Christ. The Barbarians call him a Prophet, but his followers adore him as the Son of God! He is endowed with such unparalleled virtue as to call back the dead from their graves, and to heal every kind of disease with a word, or a touch. His person is tall and elegantly shaped; his aspect amiable and reserved; his hair flows in those beautiful shades, which no united colors can match, falling in graceful curls below his ears, agreeably resting upon his shoulders and parting on the brow of his head, like the head-dress of the Nazarite; his forehead is smooth, and his cheeks without a spot, save that of a lovely red; his nose and mouth formed with an exquisite symmetry; his beard is thick and suitable to the color of his hair, reaching a little below the chin and parted in the middle; his eyes bright, clear and serene; he rebukes with mildness and invites with the most tender, persuasive language; his whole address, whether in word or deed, being elegantly chaste and strictly characteristic of so exalted a personage. No man has seen him laugh, but thousands have seen him weep, and so persuasive are his tears, that the multitude cannot restrain their tears from joining in sympathy with him. He is very modest, temperate, wise—in short, whatever this phenomenon may be in the end, he seems at present to be a man of excellent beauty and divine perfections, every way surpassing the children of men. Such is a true description of him whom they call Jesus Christ."

We see, then, by the testimony of one who was disinterested, that our Saviour left upon earth an excellent impression of his supreme virtue and God-like power. We will ever bear in mind one fact. If, as the sceptic affirms, there is no reality in religion, we secure to ourselves in the adoption of its principles, and belief in Christ, much joy in the anticipation of a future

world of bliss, and when we shall come to die we shall lose nothing thereby. But, O! on the contrary, should our religion prove true, what, I ask, has not the sceptic and unbeliever lost of earth's comforts, while he shall lose the joys of a never-ending eternity of untold pleasures? For does not the Bible declare, "It hath never entered into the heart of man to conceive the joy that is laid up for the righteous," if he but prove faithful to the end.

In reply to your question, "Do you miss me at home?" I would answer you; we miss thee in the morning at the table! we miss the greeting of thy familiar voice at the hour of noon! and when the stars are out in the evening, we miss the music of thy instrument as it floated on the night-breeze; we miss thee in thy room, and thy books which lay on the table.

Neither absence, distance or time can ever cause me to forget my dear E——. I shall never forget the first prattling babe that nestled to my bosom. I shall never forget those soft, deep, blue eyes that gazed up into my own, in language too deep for utterance. Shall I ever forget those tiny snow-white arms that clung so oft and lovingly about my neck? Shall I forget the little hand that wiped away the tear from my cheek? Can I forget the first tottering footsteps about my dwelling? The ringing laugh; the pleasure which beamed through those eyes at the first act performed, to assist a mother in her daily routine of work? Ah, never! it is but as yesterday. Those years, how swift they flew! I could wish them back again.

Now, in early manhood, you have left the home of childhood to try for yourself the stern realities of life. On, and on, I, in fancy, have followed you, through the waste wilderness. Severe has been the trial through which you have passed, sometimes weary and worn with travel, now cast down in spirit, and

sick at heart, now hope's bright ray springing up to cheer you, now one of nature's beautiful curiosities, which painter's brush has never portrayed, or poet's pen described, appearing to cheer your drooping soul; then wearily reposing upon the hard ground, and as you sleep, that eye, which does not slumber in watchful kindness, protect you.

Affectionately, MOTHER.

LETTER XXVI.

H———.

MY DEAR MOTHER:—Your very interesting epistle was received with unspeakable pleasure. I perused its contents and wished it were twice as long.

Could you be secreted in some crevice in the wall of our room, I am sure you would be amused, as we sometimes while away a leisure hour. S——— declares I am to marry a "divine." M——— says, "No, a legal." Then chimes in G———, "I don't know what sort of '*brunging*' up you have had, but this I know, if your husband is not as neat as a polished statute, you will take the broom-stick to him." In retort, I reply, "*Well*, should you chance to have a neat husband, sure he will take the broom-stick to you." Let me whisper it to you; I do not intend to marry either a profession, or a fortune, but a "congenial spirit." I should consider a long while before I should make up my mind to marry a minister. For in so doing, I should be obliged to relinquish my independence. You know I am not over fond of society, and should I not visit among the people as much as they might wish, then they would say, "I do not like the minister's wife; she is so proud. She plays the piano, too. I think she had better spend her

time in some other way." Then again, if I should visit more than would suit, it would be said, "No wonder they cannot get along with the salary which we pay them; they are always in the street. I think she had better stay at home more; one can never find them at home." Another says, "Between you and me, and the town post, they are too fond of visiting." Thus you know I might take it into my head to assist him in the preparation of his sermons. The people would say, "Did you ever hear such a discourse?" "Love is blind," and thus he would not have noticed the errors.

Some time since, you asked me to send you one of my sermons. To comply with your request, I send you a sample:

Proverbs 27: 19. "As in water, face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man."

Man the same in all ages.

I. So far as we can learn from history, we have the same passions and appetites. Cautions against stimulating drinks. All things are full of labor. "The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing."

With what lamentation should the soul be filled, that such universal sin dwells in the bosom of man. In all ages, past and present, "for all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of this world." It is not then, he whose life answereth to the life of sinful man, but he who doeth the will of God, who, after the world and the lust thereof shall have passed away, abideth forever.

Magnanimity, heroism, self-sacrifice, put forth for any cause, whether on behalf of virtuous friendship, or the honor of one's country, invest a character with a certain aspect of moral greatness, which must challenge the esteem of even an ene-

my. How strongly, then, must we feel this to be the case while looking upon the condition of man, while sin has enthroned itself on the heart of man, holding him in such bondage that when convinced of sin, he dare not confess it.

II. One of the ruling passions which sway the heart of man, is ambition. The earliest histories give us accounts of ambitious men, and now still the same. We have in the life of Napoleon a fearful example of the extremes to which men are sometimes driven by a reckless ambition—where ambition, as in Napoleon, is a predominate characteristic. On he rushed, reckless of all consequences, save his own glory. Unwilling to lend a listening ear to the fearful forebodings of his devoted Josephine, though she plead in all the eloquence of her pure soul. History informs us that from the time he ceased to feel the balance-wheel of Josephine's influence upon his impetuous spirit, disaster followed disaster.

III. The desire for amusement has ever been a prevailing characteristic of human nature in which we see man's folly answering to men.

The very earliest historical records refer us to theatrical exhibitions, and the baneful influence of which it is painful to contemplate; consequently the strictly virtuous and refined part of community can find no pleasure in attending upon those oft times obscene exhibitions. The Romans indulged in amusements derived from the suffering of animals. The necessity in early life of curbing the evil propensities of human nature, is evident.

Were it not for the influence constantly exerted over weak human nature, much of the sin indulged in by man would be unknown. Lessons of morality and religion are an indispensable requisite to the indwelling of the spirit of God in the heart of man.

The divine favor eminently distinguishes the righteous man both in life and death. It is true he may not enjoy great distinction among men; he may not roll in wealth, or be called a prodigy of wisdom, but he will possess an inward comfort, which the world can neither give nor take away. While he "walks with God," who is the fountain of all good, he cannot but enjoy serenity of mind, which is above every earthly delight. The sense of the divine favor is a cordial in every trying season, and sweetens every calamity.

The constant desire which reigns in the bosom for war and bloodshed is ever at work. The Carthagenians are said to have been the most war-like nation that has ever lived. While they deluged the earth with crimson gore, the groans of the dying were music to their ears.

Though mercy and goodness are the most distinguished characteristics of the Almighty, yet his judgments are terrible, certain and just. He bears long with the wickedness of men, and he withholds his vengeance from falling on their guilty heads till their cup of iniquity is full, and justice necessarily takes the place of mercy. The long suffering of God, when contrasted with the impiety and ingratitude of man, will, to the humble mind, always account for the awful visitations of Providence, which so perplex the godless.

We see, then, the necessity of teaching children the right kind of amusements, for "As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined."

Gladiators, in Rome, were men who fought in the arena for the entertainment of the people, instilling into the heart those wicked propensities which only tend to sin. And if children were permitted to witness these things, the habits must grow upon them, strengthen with their strength. We have a fearful example of the consequences into which children are driven,

through evil training, in the case of the children, forty and two, who were devoured by the bears of the forest, because they said to the prophet Elijah, "go up thou bald head." The eye of the Almighty was upon them, and his anger was kindled.

Daily observation teaches us that human nature is the same in all ages; that man's heart answereth to heart. We are taught by the word of God, that there is a constant warring in our members between evil and good. What a glorious prospect is there in view to the Christian, if, through faith in Christ, he faint not.

LETTER XXVII.

TO MY DEAR WILL AND H——.

DEAR CHILDREN:—'Tis midnight. Silent and anxious thoughts have driven sleep far away. No rumbling waggon or hammer sound; no school-boy shout, or bark of dog, sounds on the night air to break the deep repose of nature. The cold marble top of the table on which I write is not dissimilar to the slab which marks in yonder cemetery the spot where the stranger sleeps beneath the green grass, and by which the dead speak in silent language to the living.

Hark! the soft winds of heaven brush my window with the sweeping tree branch, and my timid heart quickens its pulsation.

I was about to finish this series of letters. On reflection, I thought when this hand should lie immovable in the tomb, when you should lay your little heads no more forever upon a mother's bosom, when the quivering lip should pour no more forever in my ear the sorrows of childhood, when a mother's voice should no more chide or soothe, that you would be disappointed to find herein no warning or advice addressed to you. During the penning of these letters many discouragements have arisen, all of which have only proved an impetus to push,

with a more determined spirit, to my task. One star has brightly shone to guide and cheer me on. It is the promise of Israel's God, who holdeth in His hands the ponderous keys of destiny, "who shutteth, and no man openeth, and openeth, and no man shutteth." "And let us not be weary in well-doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we find not." "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little one's a cup of cold water, only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

"I am a lost man." We are informed these words were uttered by Bugaud, Marshal of France, when he was closing life, though he had led a brilliant career of martial glory. He had led vast armies to battle. When the storm of battle is at its full hight, and its whirlwind fury fells to the earth many a fearless soldier, he heeds it not. On he rides, with uplifted sword shouting in thunder tones his commands, impelling onward his tremendous host, headlong rushing to victory or to death. He had governed States. He had ruled in the council chamber. The President of France visits now his death chamber. The stern Cavaignac wept as he looked upon the dying man. Children, it is a "fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." How deeply mournful the contrast between the glory of Bugaud's life, and the deep, deep gloom of its close. It is said that he had a Christian mother, who often warned him of his danger. She spake of eternity. Ah! he listened not. In the camp he heard God blasphemed. In civil life he beheld nothing, but a struggle for earthly glory. In the saloons of Paris, men scoffed at religion. Hark! hear his last agonizing words, they chill the blood of those around his dying couch. "I am a lost man." Alas! for him no smiling Saviour pleads, no staff on which to lean through the "dark valley and shadow of death."

"Remember now thy Creator, in the days of thy youth." Listen to the Saviour, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." "Mother," said a little boy, "it has done me a good deal of good to learn those chapters." (His father had given him a half dollar if he would comit to memory Christ's sermon on the Mount.) Said he, "every time when I have thought of the words, 'do unto others as you would have them to do unto you,' I try to do so." That's the way.

Another important subject to which I would direct your thoughts is the cultivation of industrious habits. "Idleness makes people bad." Time, when employed, passes more pleasantly. Children, of course, must have playtime. Upon nothing more depends your character in the future than the associates you form in childhood. Shun, then, those bad boys who are in the habit of daily wasting their time, who use profane and foul language. O, I wish there were some statute laws to protect boys from the many vices which are being daily taught at the corners of almost every street. Would that all were gentlemen who appeared in the garb of gentlemen. A little boy once said to his mother, "You think Mr. H. is such a nice young man, you ought to hear him talk." "Why, what does he say?" "O, I should be ashamed to tell you." I wonder if there are not a great many "nice young men" who would be ashamed to hear the language, in which they sometimes indulge overheard?

There is another practice in which I wish you would never indulge. It is that nasty habit of smoking and chewing. It renders the breath unsweet, and is acknowledged, by physicians, to be exceedingly injurious to the health. Do you not suppose I felt a little vexed, when, one night, I put into a spare room as I supposed, a gentleman, to lodge, when, lo! in the

morning, I found my nicely stitched and ruffled pillow cases stained in several places with nasty tobacco juice? Yes, indeed.

I would warn you in due time against the soul debasing, the character destroying, inebriate's cup. It will "sting like an adder." "Touch not, taste not, handle not." It will steal away your reason; it will craze the brain; it will fire the soul with demon acts; it will rob you of honor, of wealth, of pleasure; it will drag you to poverty; it will send you to the pit of dark despair.

I have felt at a loss in what manner to address you, who so differ from each other in taste and opinion.

Will, you would prefer to take your hook and line, and on O—— Bridge angle from morn till night, or paddle the light canoe over the rippling waves; or, rocking through the stormy billow, shout for very glee as the waves dash and break upon the shore. Or, to wander of a summer day through the forest, or leap the old fallen log, while with peculiar pleasure you watch the nimble squirrel as, with railroad speed, it springs from limb to limb, its little black eye casting upon you a suspicious look. There is great sport to you in robbing the bees of their honey, while the bee admonishes you of misspent time, and punishes you with a swollen eye; or, bag in hand, of a frosty morning, off you trudge to gather the sweet hickory nut, the wind scattering the golden leaves beneath which the nuts secrete themselves, for the winter store of the little squirrel. There is to you great sport to "burch," as you say, the trees, until in a shower the nuts fall, rapping as a token of displeasure, your head and shoulders. There is one other glorious summer sport, that of sitting beside some pond, and listening to the song of frogs, in the language of which you seem quite as well versed as in that of the science of num-

THE LITTLE BOY THAT LOVES HIS STUDY

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bers, crying, according to your interpretation, as they pop their heads above the water's surface, "Stealing rails, stealing rails," or "go walk, go run, you'l be throwned, you'l be throwned." All of which, to you, is fine sport. Now, you are a boy, with boyish feelings, by and by you will be a man, and have put away childish things, your wild acts will have been scattered to the wild winds. Then knowledge shall spring up to bless and redeem the past, and we shall rejoice to see the principles of noble manhood taking deep and abiding root.

May the Spirit of the living God intercede while you struggle to save from destruction the intellect, that faculty of the mind which receives ideas communicated to it by the senses. Make now a firm resolve, cut loose from every evil which may have a tendency to corrupt your morals, or produce injury to the disturbed peace of your mind, and though ten thousand objects arise to defeat your purpose, let them only serve to arouse a stronger combination of systematic and bolder action. Roll from beneath your feet every obstacle calculated to impede your progress in life's path, and no mortifying act shall restrain your upward and onward course.

Dear H——, books are the source from which you derive most satisfaction. It is with much pleasure and great gratification I watch the development of your youthful mind, opening promise of powerful capacity. Will you, when I shall lie mouldering into dust; the winds of heaven sighing their requium around my grave; will you, when stern manhood has settled upon you, when deep channels of thought shall have furrowed your brain, when weighty thoughts of your country's cause shall lie heavy upon your heart; will you then, at early twilight, or at break of day, turn your attention for a little to the simple advice of a mother, and if therefrom you may cull some new idea, or some worthy maxim, will you recall the

pleasant days when you sat, book in hand, upon a mother's lap, who often read pretty stories, and good stories, endeavoring to impress your little heart with a knowledge of the great God, who is angry with the wicked every day? Will you then think of the tears you sometimes gently wiped away, as down my cheek they rolled, and let the silent prayer ascend, that we meet in heaven above?

It is seldom that the mind of one at your age is so filled with State affairs, which leads me to think that in the future you are destined to hold a prominent place in the community.

In the present day we have reason to be shocked with the startling exhibition of bold rascality and crime which pervades every city and village in the Union. The vacillating and corrupt office seeking part of community, induce by bribes the erring judgment of the weaker portion of community to be led astray, and thus, unguardedly, cast their votes for unprincipled, dissipated, obsequious and servile men.

Suffer not your heart to be ensnared. Let fairness ever characterize your proceedings. Lay a powerful grasp upon truth; let no dissembling act ever stain your character as a man, a lawyer, or a statesman. Let your arguments be pointed, your logic discriminating and thus rendered irresistible, imparting conviction to every candid and investigating mind. The study of the lives of illustrious men, in which you so much delight, will exert a powerful influence over the formation of your habits. It fires ambition, enlightens the understanding, enables you to apprehend the real state of things presented, and you can better comprehend the ideas expressed by those great minds.

You are not too young to be cautioned with regard to your lady associates. Seek, then, the refined and virtuous, rather above, than below the sphere in which you move, that you may

rather be lifted above than dropped below your position. By this I do not intend to convey the idea that wealth, alone, or position and boasted dress, should attract you. I mean that you should prefer the modest, retiring and intellectual, who appear in apparel according to their circumstances. How disgusting to see a poor girl dress in silk, and jewelry, whose every dime must be spent in order to secure them. I will quote for you the language of a clergyman, that you may have his testimony, that the influence of ladies is of importance to boys, during their education. He says, "the society of ladies has done much for me all my life long, and it was the salutary, softening influence of associations that, with God's blessing, restrained me from many an excess into which I might otherwise have been led while receiving my education. It is a bad sign when a young man has no relish for such company. Whatever a man's situation in life, whether higher or lower, public or private, he will become a better man, and escape many a disaster if he listen in due season to the voice of the intelligent and refined of the other sex. Not only do they generally excel us in their nice perception of the proprieties of life, and the tender sense of duty, both to God and man, but they are generally before us in their instinctive faculty of foreseeing evil, and of wisely discerning the character and motives of men."

You will thus discover that it is not the rude and unrestrained in either habits or language which will do you good. And now so dearly do I love you, sooner than you should fall a victim to licentious, intemperate or dishonest habits, I would close your beautiful eyes in death, and wrap you in your winding-sheet to be committed to earth's cold embrace. My soul rises in rebellion, giving me a disposition to make battle with those vicious, vice-engendering eating saloons, which thicken

through the length and breadth of the land. It is here all manner of persons congregate. It is here all manner of low stories are related, which so corrupt the mind. Shun them, I entreat you, as you would the viper.

I call upon you, fathers, to drop your various occupations and make an effort to save from everlasting ruin, your sons. I call upon you, men in authority, to arouse to a sense of the alarming condition of the young men. The laws of our country are broken and trodden under foot. Young men, who call themselves "bloods," (a perfect application,) for the want of better and wiser employment, are driven to some place, a negro at their side, and gamble. Beautiful specimens of refined intelligence! Next we hear of secret gambling societies, and to what may all this lead? Great God! defend the church from the disgrace of any such having a name among the people of God, while they remain "dead in trespasses and sins."

In a well conducted, virtue inculcating village paper, I saw a notice of a firm having just filled an order for a distillery, for gentlemen whose names stand out in full, in which they affirmed that the heaviest article connected with it, and the most difficult one to make was the worm. These gentlemen of wealth, thus publish to the world that they have made arrangements to embody themselves with that class whose business it is to distil a beverage, the effect of which is to fire the soul of every one who shall partake of the same, to deeds of darkness, and acts of crime. And I draw the inference that it was the real intention of said gentlemen to call out a few thousand more dismal shrieks, and unnumbered piteous wails, coming up from the broken hearted wives of poor degraded drunkards, as they lie bruised and marred, and reeking in gore. And I doubt not, they will be enabled to steel their hearts with a coat of silver against the plaintive moan of little

babes who scatter in affright to some hiding place when they hear the unsteady footfall of a demon father. And I wondered if, among said gentlemen, there were those, whose names were recorded in the book of the church militant, the members of which are to be engaged in a constant warfare against sin of every hue, and thus distinguished from the church triumphant in the final heaven of eternal rest, to which paradise they shall never sail on flowery beds of ease. And I wondered if the heavenly chart lay not unopened upon the shelf, and if it had become necessary to remind them, that "it is easier for a cammel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter heaven." And I wondered if the good impressions had not squirmed through the spiral worm of the distillery, and thus, condensed, brought the vapory conscience under its cooling influence.

You capitalist, who, with all your expenses, find a surplus revenue, why not be governed by the golden rule, and do to others as you would they should do unto you? Take the place of those faithful ones, in your employ, and give to them a five, ten or fifteen dollar note, saying with a pleasant smile. "Have a holy day, I appreciate your worth, and desire to acknowledge it. Take you this day some recreation with your wife and children; take, if you please, my carriage, and welcome, too. I remember the day I, too, was a poor man. It is, I am aware, injurious to spirits and health, to be so incessantly at work."

Again, in place of making to the rich and indolent, magnificent presents on the return of New Year Day, divide a portion of your surplus means to those upon whom fall the labor and management of your business, remembering how much you are to them indebted for your success. And let the distilleries go to the winds, and sigh their requiem to oblivion.

Dear children, suffer no soft, velvety temptation to lead you to a drinking saloon, but with a firm, resolute, determined spirit follow the path that leads to peace and happiness; you know the gate, and enter in. Could you go with me to yon lone cot, and hear the lamentation of that once happy mother, whose son has just been committed to the gloomy cells of a prison, "O, my son, my son, would God I had died for thee, my son!" Ascend the stone steps of yonder lordly mansion, and witness that heart-stricken sister, surrounded by every luxury, and hear the stifled groan of that stricken mother, whose son has fallen a victim to the gambling saloon. In a phrensied moment he has pierced with a cruel dagger the heart of his companion in vice. May the unfortunate experience of others sound an alarm-bell in your ear, to avoid the shoals and quicksands of life.

"Well," you will say, "this is queer, that a mother should write us a letter, which is, also, for the perusal of the public." "Besides," say you, "she is rather egotistic." Better be so by far, than mystic. It is well, (if by so doing, we may be enabled to soften the suffering of the unfortunate,) to make sacrifice of our feelings, and place ourselves for criticism before a fault-finding world. Perhaps, too, we may find more sympathy than we had anticipated. Have you ever realized how many poor orphan children there are thrown upon the wide world, with no kind mother to care for them, to kiss away the bitter tears? Should this letter awake in the bosom of any such, a lost pleasure, it would not have been written in vain. With my permission, you are at liberty to give to any such a copy of this work.

The spirit of the living God, be and abide with you, now and evermore.

LETTER XXVIII.

H———, March 28, 1854.
STUDIO, Saturday, 3 o'clock.

DEAR MOTHER:—School duties being ended, I need not tell you with what pleasure I have seated myself this dreary afternoon, in my own room, to pen a few thoughts to you. I love to write letters, but much more do I enjoy those written to me.

You may have thought, judging from my delinquency, that I was not very anxious to write. If so, please banish the thought, for it is one of my greatest pleasures.

Dear mother, how pleasant it is to know you are loved, more especially by those whom you love. I never met with so many in a school where all love each other so dearly. Many are the dear friends I have made, and it is with feelings of sadness I contemplate the misty future—the closing of our school. But still I would love much to see those dear ones from whom I have been so long separated.

I think the place must have sadly changed during absence, I can not express to you my feelings on hearing of the death of D——. I can hardly realize it is possible that she is no more. It must be a great consolation to her friends to know that she died a *Christian.* How very important that we

should be prepared to meet our God, for in a time we think not, death may come, and who can, upon a dying bed, make their peace with God, when the body is racked with pain.

Dear mother, of late, I have felt deeply upon the great and important subject which has made so many hearts sad on account of their sins. I feel that I have found the Saviour, and though I am so unworthy, he has received me for his child. How delightful to feel that we have Jesus for a friend, through all the changing scenes and trials of life. I can truly say, that I have never been so happy as since I have become a Christian. Is it not sweet to think that the dear Saviour so loved us, the guilty, that he died to save us, the guilty; that he died to save us, and that he is not willing any should perish, but that all who will, may come and receive life everlasting in the world to come? We have prayer meetings Saturday, and I enjoy them much.

I suppose you would like to know how I progress in my studies. I am very much interested in Latin, and think I am improving much. I am much pleased with astronomy, although I find it difficult. It requires much thought, and close application. In music, I am passing rapidly through the instruction book. I am taking singing lessons with my other studies.

Our most excellent principal has no mercy upon us and is a severe critic, and yet explains everything beautifully. There seems to be nothing in which he is deficient, and he makes the greatest effort to impart to his pupils. I do not know that I have mentioned to you, a novel plan which is pursued here, that of sermon writing—a difficult task indeed. Do not suppose this is for the purpose of making divines of us. O, no! But rather to call out the activity of the mind, at the same time familiarizing us with the Scriptures.

I must tell you something about my holiday visit to New York, which I enjoyed better than I had anticipated. I like New York. I saw much to admire while there. Among other places we visited the Crystal Palace, of which, were I to attempt a description, I should fail. But I will mention a few of the most prominent things. The picture gallery extends the whole length of the Palace, in the examination of which one should spend at least one day. Among other things there is a group of Christ and his apostles, which is considered very fine. We saw jewels from Germany which were very splendid. We spent several hours there. Many of the things had been removed. It will take me all next winter to say all I wish to you.

Dear brother E——, do you not yet hear from him?

Kiss each one for me.

Good bye, with much love,

A——.

LETTER XXIX.

SEN—— F——, February, 1855.

DEAR CHILD:—Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits; that he hath, in the morning of life, led you to a sense of your sins, and redeemed your life from destruction; and crowned you with "loving kindness and tender mercies."

"The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger and plentious in mercy." "He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities. For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy towards them that fear him."

"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."

True religion, is not confined to an intellectual recognition of doctrines and facts, however true, important, and necessary, to its enjoyment. It does not stop with the performance of rites and ceremonies, however appropriate and beautiful. It seeks to edify the heart, to elevate the affections, and bring the whole life, and blend the whole actions under its all-controlling power, so that we grow in grace and knowledge of the truth, until we arrive at a perfect stature in Christ our Lord.

Religion wipes away the tears and subdues beneath our feet all fancied troubles, while it soothes the sterner realities. Often, indeed, am I led to wonder at the manifest indifference of men on the subject of religion. They live as though this world were their eternal home; as though there were no God. There is a God! It is the fool only who saith, "there is no God." All nature utters her testimony, in the tender blade of grass just starting from the earth, in early spring, in the sturdy forest oak that has withstood the rude wintry blast of many winters, in the purling rivulet winding through the verdant meadows, in Niagara's magnificent torrent, bounding over its awful chasm—all proclaim, "there is a God." He is heard in the whispering breeze of the twilight hour, and in the howling storm; in the deep-toned thunder, and in the lightning flash; in the lowering tempest, and in the hurricane's fearful whirl; in the wind's idl moan around our dwellings and in the beautiful rain gently tapping the window-pane.

But most solemnly are we impressed in the universal hush of a Sabbath morn, when all nature seemes awe-struck. The sun revels in glowing beauty. There is in the very bark of a dog a suppressed sound. If earth has any glory, it dwells in the calm beauty of a Sabbath morning, when myriads of thanks stream up before the throne of God, for his glorious and regenerating gift to man.

I love to steal away to some sequestered spot, and catch some glorious thoughts as they slip from the white wing of an angel, to light up the shadows which flit through the soul, filling with joy the hours of Sabbath. The angel drops his commissioned seed, then smiling, upward passes, toward heaven—his dwelling place. Holy zeal burns, with a clearer ray, and for a time lifts the soul to the glories of heaven to revel mid the bliss of angels.

Said the celebrated Wilberforce, "O, what a blessed day is the Sabbath, which allows us a precious interval wherein to pause; to come out from the thickets of worldly concerns, and give ourselves up to heavenly and spiritual objects." Yes, Sunday is a beautiful day, if only appreciated in its right light, interposing between the waves, (into which we are well nigh engulphed,) of worldly prosperity, like the Divine path of the Israelites through Jordan. Thanks be unto God, who hath appointed the Sabbath. There is nothing in which I would commend you to be more strictly observant than in keeping holy the Sabbath day.

Hoping, that He who hath begun a good work in your heart will carry it on to the end of life, and crown you in the judgment, is the heart prayer of your affectionate

MOTHER.

LETTER XXX.

H——, June 28, 1855.

MY DEAR FATHER:—And can it be? another year has well nigh flown. Soon I shall have resigned to another, the room which for the past year I have called mine, this beautiful room, occupying the east side of the third story of the H—— Female Academy. The scenery from its windows teems with picturesque beauty almost without parallel. The broad silvery surface of the H—— river will oft in fancy steal upon my vision, when I shall have retired, to enter no more this studio; where I, with my room-mates dear, have pored over classic books; where together we have rejoiced and wept at intervals, and have had many a pleasant walk in the beautiful grounds.

The name of H——— will remain ever *dear* to me. 'Twas here I learned to love my *Saviour's* name. Here, I first felt the crushing weight of sin upon my head. Here, the *Saviour* spoke peace to my troubled soul. Here, I gave my heart to *God* in whose hands my destiny remains, and I feel the happy assurance that I have an interest in the blood of the covenant. Truly, God has been good, inasmuch as he has continued to grant me uninterrupted health. Thus I have been enabled to prosecute my studies with pleasure, and I trust profit. Truly

his goodness should lead me to continued and unfeigned repentance of sins, both of omission and commission; Satan being ever on the alert to lead the mind and soul away into forbidden paths.

Already I have learned that the joys of earth are fleeting and unsatisfactory. That the heart is so constitutionally made as to be reaching after joys unattained. As soon as one has been attained, another is sought, but still the heart remains unsatisfied, which teaches us that in order to be happy we are to aim at the interest and well being of others. Doubtless more true happiness is to be attained in giving joy to another than in almost any other action which can be performed by us while passing through this vale of tears. Already I have learned that alternate rain and sunshine is the order of life. It hath been so ordained by the all wise Creator.

Were we never to feel pain, were we never to feel sad, were we never to experience the sad realities of disappointed hopes, were we never to know the instability of earthly friendship, were we never to pass the trying ordeal of earth's sorrows, we could never appreciate happiness in its true light. It is not enough that the inevitable sorrows of life should fall upon the heart with their crushing weight, but oft times when we have no real trouble some fancied cloud will gather blackness, and we read therein portentous fears, which, for the time being, will fill the soul with as much intense anguish, as the reality could possibly have done. Yet disappointments are not pleasant, but grievous.

When, on the morrow, we are anticipating some pleasant excursion, and the enjoyment of the society of loved friends, it makes us sad to rise in the morning and find the clouds lowering, and the unwelcome drops pattering upon the window pane. We feel like murmuring, and still we know not what

sad disaster we may have escaped. Thus we are admonished that we should smile at sunshine, and gently bow in showers. God "doeth all things well." It needs no long life of experience to learn that when man is ever prosperous he becomes arrogant and austere, and his society is not to be sought, on account of its real worth, for few there are, who, in prosperity, feel for the woes of their brother man. And it is well, that sometimes, man is, by a mightier power stripped of all his glory, and thus humbled at the feet of the Sovereign of the world, to whom, in the days of his prosperity, he scarce gave a passing thought, until by his mighty power the rod fell with such weight, that he was brought submissive to his will. Is there a heart that will not bear testimony to the truth, that sunshine and rain follow on through the winding labyrinths of time, from the cradle to the grave? The little infant begins life with alternate weeping and smiling; in riper years little incidents are continually intercepting the pathway of life which send their wail of sorrow, or shout of joy, through the air; at the meridian of life the heart swells with anticipated hopes of reaching some long sought for object of happiness. It is almost in the grasp, but by some unforseen event is dashed away and the hopes of mortal man lie withered beneath the event which so chills the energies, as sometimes never to be regained.

Rain and sunshine follow alike the aged who have long ceased to look for joys substantial here below. With age, infirmities come creeping on. Sometimes poverty steals unawares upon the aged, who, in the morning of life, rolled in wealth, and death finds them in adverse circumstances, which they had never anticipated, with no hope of felicity beyond the tomb. We have the happy assurance "there is a land where saints immortal reign;" where all is joy and peace, and where friends will ever dwell throughout the ceaseless ages of eternity.

We are taught by holy inspiration "to remember our Creator in the days of our youth," before the evil days come, when we shall have no pleasure in them.

Affectionately, your

DAUGHTER.

LETTER XXXI.

S——— F———, 1855.

DEAR BROTHER:—While with trembling I beheld the gathering storm, as dark and fearful it rolled towards thy heart, reckless of the anguish it would cause thy unsuspecting soul, gladly would I have averted the fated dash, although no effort of mine could ward off the terrible crisis!

Now, thy poor heart can only look upon the winding sheet and the coffin, the very reflection of which chills the life-blood, while with shuddering thoughts you contemplate the folds that wrap the lonely dead.

Yes, M——, the sweet partner of your joys and sorrows is no more. No more forever with a glad welcome will she clasp to her bosom the ideal of her heart. Was ever love more deep than hers? No more will those lily fingers lightly touch the keys of her instrument; no more will that sweet voice, which had over you such powerful sway, fall upon your enraptured ear. The beautiful hands are quietly folded upon the cold bosom of death. In Greenwood Cemetery, M———, thy love, is quietly sleeping. Weep no more, dear brother, for thy love has done with the sorrows of earth, and her unshackled spirit has taken its flight to dwell among glorified spirits. In the heavenly mansions she awaits the coming of her husband. There, her sweet voice is swelling in praise to the Lamb; a

golden harp her fingers sweep; and joy and peace are the indwellings of her pure spirit.

In order to prepare your heart for that home, it may have been necessary for our heavenly Father thus severely to afflict you, that you be thus driven to seek an inheritance incorruptable, undefiled, that fadeth not away, eternal in the heavens.

That we were created only for this world is impossible for us to believe. That our time here is, at longest, but short, is one powerful argument in favor of an eternity beyond this vale of tears. Another evidence is, that life is one continued scene of interrupted enjoyment to all—the rich, alike with the poor. Were we to remain in a state of continued happiness here, we should hardly think of making any preparation for a future state.

Thus, we are emphatically taught, that it is unwise to partake of those sinful gratifications which, when indulged in, only tend to our present as well as future ill. The fundamental truths of God's word are plain in their teachings, to us, to shun the road which leads to eternal night, and follow the path to the new Jerusalem, the city of God.

Imagination creates in the mind beautiful reflections of a far off happy clime, in which soon to revel. Imagination is given to us for wise and beneficent purposes. We are enabled by it, to lift our hearts above the vanities and sorrows of this earthly state. Its cherished home is among the sublime realities of the future. It helps to sustain the soul while wading through afflictions. It clothes the doctrines of religion in a beautiful garb. One of its offices is to embody the intimations of an immortality which are around us. It imparts dignity to employment, commending it with the recompense of reward. Let us then strive to enter in at the strait gate.

May God sanctify, bless and direct you, dear brother.

Your affectionate, ANNA.

LETTER XXXII.

SACRAMENTO CITY.

DEAR SISTER:—With gratefulness to an overruling Providence for protection through an Indian country, I take this opportunity to inform you that I am well, and in Sacramento, on the eve of departure for the mines, four hundred miles north, near Oregon.

Our train left Salt Lake on the 7th of April last. After traveling some four hundred miles, we neared Humbolt river, and arrived at Placerville, after crossing the Sierra, on the 12th of June, and in Sacramento on the 18th of the same month.

In crossing the plains we were regular campers, cooking by camp-fires, sleeping in our wagons, and herding our stock. Sometimes we bivouaced on the broad prairies without the sign of a tree for miles, the beautiful green grass spreading over the rich and rolling lands; again in the edge of some huge forest by the side of a running stream. Songs and jokes enlivened our meals, and we enjoyed our camp life with a zest which none can appreciate except those who have experienced. We traveled from ten to twenty-five miles per day, over prairies, through timbered country, crossing hills, fording streams, and passing by farm houses. Sometimes after a hard day's drive,

while around our camp-fire, some one of the boys would bring the unwelcome news that four or five head of cattle were missing. Nothing was to be done but to saddle our horses, no less wearied than ourselves, and ride fifteen or twenty miles before morning in search of them. Many such expeditions have I been on. We had fine times picking Nebraska strawberries. They were as thick as mosquitoes in Montezuma swamps, and very large.

We traveled for days over the broad plains, on a dead level as far as the eye can reach, sometimes covered with wild sage, not unlike the garden sage, and which grows to an enormous size. I have seen it eight feet through at the butt.

The far famed Rocky Mountains I have traveled along for days in succession, crossing them at the South Pass. Here are the Pacific Springs, from whence the waters flow to the Pacific Ocean, and this is the great division between the Atlantic and Pacific.

Game was numerous, including the wolf, the black buffalo, which go in herds, as many as five thousand sometimes, and the elk, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, badger, hare and rabbit. The birds are the prairie chicken, as large as our common barn yard fowls, sage hen, plover, large partridge, enormous turkeys, buzzards as large as a common goose, wild geese and ducks. Of fish, (as the Missourians say, "we have a right smart chance at them,") there are the mountain trout—the finest in the world, salmon, pickerel, catfish, and others. The timber of the plains is principally cotton wood, which grows on the river bottoms, pine, cedar, and mountain ash. There is a slight sprinkling of various other woods in the "canyons," such as mountain mahogany and water maple. Some of the small streams have nothing but willow. The Humbolt, a large river, has not a stick of timber on its banks,

but they are covered with one dense mass of willow, twenty and thirty feet high, and as strait as an arrow, from behind which the Indians fire upon emigrants with perfect safety to themselves. The prickly pear grows in vast quantities upon the plains.

Thus, you see, we had the usual incidents attendant upon such a trip, surprises by the Indians, hail storms and hurricanes, hunting, fishing, and visiting boiling springs and fantastic shaped rocks—all combined, making it at once an exciting and pleasant trip. But on the honor of a truthful man, I would not advise any one to come to California. Now that I am here, I like to see and handle the yellow boys; for there's plenty of gold in the valley of the Sacramento, to secure which it requires some knowledge of the mining process, combined with good judgment in selecting a claim, and money to pay down.

Many a man might have gone home, long ago, with a fortune, were it not for the gambling houses.

The only way for a man to get along here when he gets low in spirits is to "keep a stiff upper lip," and not cry to see his "mama."

I will relate one or two incidents which occurred on our trip over the plains:

Mr. B——— having taught his wife to fire a revolver, one day, having encamped, left her alone, (while we all strolled away about a mile,) telling her should anything occur to give the alarm by firing. We had not been absent more than one and a half hours, when three frightful Indians made their appearance, and began talking to her as best they could. She telling them if they did not go instantly away, she would shoot them. Two went off, but one, more bold than the others, came up to her saying, "You no shoot me. Say, you

no be my squaw? You no live in my wigwam? No, you no shoot me." Terrified, with trembling hand she fired an alarm. Her husband's listening ear caught the echoing report as it came rolling on the breeze, "Boys!" he cried, "to your heels! there is trouble in the camp." But, when we arrived, they had all fled and were nowhere to be found.

One other. One of our company who rode a fine, spirited charger, and who was in the habit of caressing him, was, one day, lolling upon the grass, book in hand, when the horse came and laid down near him, and was in the act of rolling over, as he supposed, upon him, when he quickly sprang to his feet. Hereupon the horse turned back. He no sooner had seated himself, than the creature again made the same attempt. Again, he aroused him. Resuming his place upon the grass. the horse gave him a beseeching look from his great eye as if to induce him to speak soothingly to him, and very slowly and cautiously rolled over, and placing his head gently upon his master's bosom fell into a sweet sleep. After which time the man was in the habit of calling him, and seating himself the horse would come, and placing his head on his bosom have a snooze. This beautiful creature died, and was truly lamented.

I will tell you how the natives of California catch grasshoppers. A hole is dug deep enough to prevent their jumping out, after which a circle is formed of Indians, both old and young, who with a bush beat the insects towards the hole, into which they fall and are taken prisoners. Sometimes the grass and weeds are set on fire, by which they are disabled and afterwards gathered into sacks, and saturated with salt water, placed in a hot trench and covered with hot rocks for about fifteen minutes, when they are eaten like shrimps, or, after being ground, are mixed with soup or mush.

The motives which seem to impel the California Indians to

burn their dead, arise from their religious views. They believe in a pleasant camping ground, somewhere westward, where Indians live together in perpetual ease and plenty, and which is presided over by a great spirit of unspeakable goodness. They believe, also, in an evil spirit, who is constantly watching every opportunity to injure them, and, who, on having the power to keep them out of heaven, it is their duty, by conciliation or stratagem, to thwart.

They believe, also that the soul is immortal; that while the body is burning, the soul leaps out, and if, by noises or motions they can attract the evil spirit's attention, it escapes to its heaven of rest, and is forever safe; but, if the body is buried, the evil one keeps continual guard over the grave, and when the soul would escape, it is made prisoner, and is henceforth employed to annoy their living relatives. When an Indian is known to be dying, his head is lifted gently upon the lap of some relative, and his eyes softly closed; while those who are standing around relate in a low monotonous chant the virtues of the dying. The moment his heart has ceased to beat, the sad tidings are conveyed to his relatives, and the low chant is changed to mournful wailing and beating of the chest, while with streaming eyes they apostrophize the spirit of the departed. The corpse is now prepared for burning, the knees being forced towards the chin upon the breast, and the limbs and body bound firmly together. It is then wrapped in a blanket and placed upon the ground, with the face exposed; every sound is hushed and both men and women sit in silent groups around the corpse for about twenty minutes when all simultaneously rise; the women to renew their wailing, the men to build the funeral pile. When this is about two feet in height, every sound ceases, and, amid the death-like stillness the men lift the corpse upon the pyre, after which it is completely

covered with additional fire-wood. The oldest and dearest relative then advances with a torch and fires the pile. When the first curl of smoke is visible, the discordant howlings of the women become almost appalling. The men stand in sullen and unbroken silence, while the near relatives having poles in their hands commence a frantic dance around the body, occasionally turning it over, that it may consume more speedily, and give the soul a better chance to escape, while with waving of cloths and hideous noises, they are attracting the attention of the evil one. Meanwhile all the personal property of the deceased is cast into the fire, his relatives frequently adding their own valuables even, to the scanty garments upon their persons, that he may want nothing in the great camping ground. When the whole is consumed, the ashes are scraped together, and a rude wreath of flowers, weeds and brush is placed around them. A portion of the ashes, being mixed with some pitch, is spread over the faces of the relatives as a badge of mourning, which is allowed to remain until it wears off, which is generally six months.

LETTER XXXIII.

N——— Y———, October, 1856.

DEAR ———:—Soon after bidding you adieu, when the cars were well on the way, a vote was taken on the presidential question, which resulted in a majority for Fremont. Hereupon a warm dispute arose between a Fremont and Filmore mant, the latter charging the former with cheating in the vote just taken. The Fremonter, coloring to the temples, asked in turn, "Who ever saw a Filmore man who was not a gambler?" The Filmorite's countenance remained placid, but bless me! from his eyes shot daggers. The vote was retaken, with like result.

We remained in U——— over night. On the morning following a mysterious darkness pervaded the atmosphere. We were obliged to breakfast by lamp-light, although it was seven and a half o'clock, and the gas was still burning in the depot ticket office at ten. However, the day cleared away pleasantly as we proceeded on our way. Midway between Schenectady and Utica, in passing through Fort Plain, may be seen, in bold front, on the hill top, a huge mass of brick and mortar, systematically arranged, the interior divided, and subdivided into some hundred and twenty-five appartments occupied by a large number of young ladies and gentlemen, who, bee-like, are engaged investigating the arts and sciences, and

collecting the general principles, or leading truths pertaining to the classics. This is Fort Plain Seminary. The building is four stories high, besides the basement, and affords a fine view of the Mohawk valley for miles—a much more desirable place for the education of the youth than among the crowded streets of a pent up city. I am told that the trustees intend to terrace the grounds, which, when completed, can scarcely be surpassed. Any one desirous of information, I suppose, can have it by addressing the principal, Rev. James E. Latimer, A. M.

Our long delay in Albany rendered it necessary to remain over night in Springfield, Mass. This is a beautiful place. It has one of the finest depots I know of. We left in the morning for Worcester junction. This jaunt afforded me much pleasure, it being the first time I had traveled on this road. Much of the road lies along the banks of the beautiful Connecticut river, which, I believe, is conceded by travelers to be the most beautiful river in the world. Its luxuriant windings, its gentle current and frequent curves are beautiful. I felt it would have been a luxury to alight and drink in sweet flowing thoughts of nature, and of nature's God. All that a God could have given, has been given for our enjoyment while journeying to a better land. Nature's rich and diversified scenery is all powerful, when appreciated, to direct and draw the mind from care, business or study, and thus relax and amuse; unbending the mind from whatever proves too severe. The sloping hills, the rippling stream, the towering trees, the clambering vine, the sparkling spray, the coming tide, the thundering cataract, the lightning's flash, the raging winds, the pelting storm, the gentle breeze, the sunlight ray, the blooming flower, the faded leaf—all, all tell the majesty of God.

Along the way are little villages, which have an enchanting look, though the soil presents rather an uninviting aspect.

At Worcester Junction we were detained several hours. However, to this tedious delay we were quite reconciled, when we contemplated the goodness of an overruling Providence in vouchsafing his protecting care during our journey. We felt disappointed in U———. It is a much smaller place than we had anticipated. After having spent a week pleasantly, we left in the cars for Providence. The cars on this road are scrupulously neat. I noticed too, in these cars a new and novel improvement, a rail road indicator. This is a square box placed behind the car door, high enough for all to see it. In the center of this box is a cavity, in which is the name of the place just past, and as you approach the next station, a bell, attached to the side of the box, strikes one, when the name visible disappears, and the name of the station approaching takes its place. This you will perceive does away with the necessity of calling out at the door, unintelligibly, the place to which we are coming. It is a decided improvement.

Providence is truly a beautiful place. Our visit here was short, but pleasant. A cordial invitation was extended to us for a visit the next season with a promise of being shown all that the season rendered now unattractive. The cars carry you direct from this place to Stonington, landing you near the boat. We regretted exceedingly being compelled to take the night boat down the sound. There is now no day boat. We took passage on the splendid "Plymouth Rock."

Our visit with Brooklyn friends was pleasant. We remained over the Sabbath for the purpose of hearing Henry Ward Beecher, with whom I was pleased. To give detached sentences, would be doing the speaker an injustice. Similes taken by an ill designing person, or from a letter, or speech, without the connection may make it mean just what it did not mean. You should have heard to appreciate.

In the evening, the house was thronged to its utmost capacity, awaiting, before the hour of service had arrived, in almost breathless suspense, the coming of the speaker. On his arrival a letter was in waiting, which on opening and glancing at, Mr. BEECHER said: "I have received bushels of just such letters, telling me how to preach, which are cast alike to oblivion." Having heard Mr. BEECHER denounced as unchristian on account of the levity, in which it was said he was in the habit of indulging, I was agreeably disappointed. No one on this occasion could accuse the speaker of transgressing the law of propriety or Christian principles. It is truly wonderful in what a spell he holds his audience. I noticed gentlemen who, with folded arms, in attitude unchanged, stood from the commencement until the close of the services, for although the house, I am told, will seat some three thousand the aisles were crowded.

New York city. It is election day. For the first time in my life, I feel deeply solicitous for the result. It is said in noisy rabble the contending parties throng the polls. Great efforts are being made to defeat the Republican Ticket. A gentleman has just come in who declares that he is sick at heart, the disturbance having become so great as to render it necessary to ask protection of the Mayor, for the refusal of which much blame is attached. I am informed two men have been killed, and numbers wounded.

The contest has ended! Fremont defeated. Doubtless, it is for the best. A wise Providence overrules all nations. It is a comforting thought that in the future we shall have the privilege of verifying the old motto, "Try again." If the beautiful face which I saw in Broadway, as a representation of Mr. BUCHAMAN, is indicative of the heart, he will make a good President.

No sooner had the wail of disappointed hope died upon the breeze, than with a bugle blast, the tocsin sounded, and with renewed spirits, the "Young Men's Fremont Club," rallied with a zeal unknown on any former occasion, and nominated Col. Fremont for the next presidential campaign. The proceedings of the convention was no sooner known than with telegraphic velocity over hill and plain it whirled its way, and is responded to from every part of the Union. Thus the signs of the times predict that with a four years contest they shall shout the victory.

To-day I visited the Crystal Palace; but little remains of what it once contained, yet it is richly worth the entrance fee to see the interior of the building. The splendid statuary group of Christ and his apostles, is still remaining. I regretted exceedingly that my time was so limited. Many delightful associations cluster about this soul-stirring and thought-exciting scene. To linger here at twilight, and hold communion with other days, would have been alike profitable and pleasant. To study the characteristic delineations of the individual features would have excited agreeable emotions. They strike me as being rather too large. In this I may err, having always associated, in my own mind, Christ and his apostles as persons of medium size. There was, also, placed midway between the ceiling and floor, a massive statue of Washington, seated upon his spirited charger. I almost fancied his lips were about to open with startling command, and emotions so deeply thrilled my bosom, that I could scarce restrain a gush of tears.

Within the Palace had recently been place a very meritorious work, a statue, in bold relief of the Saviour, on being taken from the cross; the original cost of which, I am told, was some seventy thousand dollars. It appeared to me, as too holy a subject for mortal man to attempt to portray.

I am told that a Society is being formed by the ladies of this city, on the subject of slavery. On this subject, I am not so ultra as many, though my blood chills at the recital of the slaveholder's lash, the piteous wail of the poor slave mother as she kneeling cries, "O, God of mercy! hear me," when, fiend-like, her little one is roughly torn from her embrace, or her husband is driven, as a beast, from her side, to a worse than death separation. And, unless slaveholders will modify their treatment to the poor oppressed slave, to them will come a day of wild despair, where there shall be "weeping and wailing, and knashing of teeth," where their groans and calls for mercy will roll along the valley of the bottomless pit, answered by the curse, "As in life you have sown, so now you reap."

In the death of that popular man, Spencer H. Cone, I have lost a rich treat which I was wont to enjoy, when in the city, in listening to his melodious voice, clothing in strangely sweet pathos every accent that fell from his lips. Who would not sooner have heard him read one sacred song, than to have spent an evening at any place of amusement? Methinks when the harbinger of death had set his signet on his lofty brow, as light-winged angels clustered about his dying couch, they bore his melodious voice to the pearly gates above, and the heavenly arches rang anew, as seraphs chanted, "He comes! he comes! to add fresh luster to the mediatorial crown."

Who shall be able to compute, since one of its brightest jewels lie dim in death, the irreparable loss sustained by this city, of moral power and influence, operating upon the mass of mind, brought under the mild, persuasive tones of his sweet voice, as for many years, day by day, he joined in the mutual intercourse with society.

Alas! the shame of this great city lies buried fathoms below its shining glory. Occasionally a gust of desperation, brings

staggering to view, ruined virtue, as the last vestige of hope is heard in the dying wail of the lost and ruined. Licentious, unrestrained immorality, exceeding all limits of law appear to predominate over the hearts of men. Shall the earth, the exquisite work of our Creator's hand, remain forever thus tarnished? When, O when, shall Satan be bound, and restrained from seducing men to sin, and Christ come and reign in glory? Throw the mind back, among all nations of earth, and we find them guilty of a reckless license. So long as it is in direct opposition to the legitimate law of God, so long it will remain a mystery.

How the love of splendor detracted from the glory of Napoleon, who neglected no opportunity of making display, no matter at what sacrifice. With what luxury he equipped the company of Mamelukes, who formed a portion of his guard. It is said the saddle of Charles the Tenth was of great elegance, and did not cost less than five thousand dollars, enriched with gold fringes in great variety. Who that has a soul to feel for suffering humanity can contemplate, unrebellious, the wasteful prodigality of the Princes. To think of a single carriage used on three State occasions, and then thrown aside as lumber, costing a quarter of a million of dollars, wrung, too, out of a people, thousands of whom were suffering for bread.

Injustice! thou base destroyer of man's happiness, would that Power Divine would grapple with thee and thy twin-brother, human pride, and chain thy destiny. O, that the power that presides over all life, would awake, and put on strength, turning, and overturning, until man's heart should blend with his brother man.

I have now to acknowledge an act, of which I promise you I shall never again have occasion to plead guilty: "And what," ask you, "may that be?" Well, "simply this, and

nothing more." Doing as other people do. Going to ——— to hear some silly sayings, and looking with unveiled face at a company of dancers, clad in light fantastic garb, whirling and twisting, bending and pitching, in all manner of silly and disgusting attitudes, and for what purpose, pray? Well, just to pass time, to please an indolent class of people, whose home duties have not, to them, sufficient power of attraction to subdue the natural evil cravings of the mind. "I suppose," said a gentleman, "you feel much as I did, when I first saw them dance, but you would get used to it." Ah! that's it. We are creatures of habit. We have only to suffer ourselves to deviate from the path of rectitude and we will find it far less difficult to keep on, than to retreat. That the theatre, in its operations on the hearts of its subjects, is mischievous in its results, and demoralizing to the principles of virtue, I dare to say few, in their candid moments, will deny. That mothers can so lightly regard the future habits of their children as to stamp, by their example, a taste for these vicious pastimes is a wonderful mystery. Strange, too, that people do not sicken at such folly repeated. "O," says one, "you have so much of human nature here portrayed." Indeed, and do we not have it to our heart's content, or discontent, day by day? I saw numbers of old gentlemen there whose locks have silvered with age, whose trembling footsteps are beginning to falter, and the aid of a staff is required to plant them firmly on the earth. Indeed, I blush for them. It behooves them to restrain their steps before death suddenly and rudely snap the brittle thread of life.

A great forgery has just been discovered, perpetrated by a Mr. Huntington, the announcement of which, through the dailies, has awakened a new subject for discussion, and occasioned considerable excitement among those associated in the

circle in which he moved. It is said his wife sported some thirty thousand dollars worth of jewelry while at Saratoga the past summer. It is hoped legal justice will be done.

The night is waning, and I must adieu, with the anticipation of seeing you.

LETTER XXXIV.

TO THE LADIES OF H——— ACADEMY.

F———, April, 1851.

DEAR YOUNG LADIES:—My mind often goes back to the pleasant years which so swiftly glided by, while in your midst I found a home. Even now I hear the merry ringing laughter, as it echoes through the spacious hall; yes, I see too, the pleasant smiling face of your good principal.

The recollection of so many pleasant associations can but endear one to the spot, the shadows of which will oft, in fancy, flit across the memory, and that, too, without the aid of recollection. Memory and recollection differ somewhat in their faculties, memory retaining ideas and events without effort, nay, you cannot drive away or evade its power; while recollection implies an effort to call to mind that which has been forgotten.

When with you, I thought I knew something of the value of time, and I do not now think I was prone to waste it, still, were I again to enjoy those privileges, I think I should put forth greater energy to improve the moments, as they pass. It hardly seems possible that I have spent so great a length of time among you. Ah! how swift down the rolling stream of time we glide, now bright with flashing bliss, now darkened with clouds.

While enjoying the advantage of school, you have uninterrupted time to cultivate intellectual powers, thus elevating your standard of knowledge and morality to a position above the common surface, and enkindling a thirst for further advance.

I envy you, as you continue to practice the diatonic scale, augmenting and modulating your musical powers. O, if there be one elysium on earth it is that which flows through the channel of music, yielding pleasures so deliciously soothing and so exceedingly delightful.

The happy school day hours! to me past and lost in the maze of other days. Precious, golden moments! Young ladies, improve them while you may.

"Among the lost may we count that day whose low descending sun views, from our hand, no worthy action done."

In the morning of life we met and parted, thoughtless and inexperienced in the busy cares of life, and the whirlpool of strife. We have now spread out before us, the winding and intricate uncertainties of time. We have yet to learn whether time will deal gently or harshly with us.

Fortune may pour into our laps its golden store, or poverty may stare us in the face.

"When shall we all meet again?" Is there not something startling in the thought, impressing the mind with gloom? Does not something sad mingle with the very reflection of parting with old friends, whose company one has long associated with? I think I see you many times a day looking out upon the beautiful landscape, telling it you are one day going to leave it. O, happy modification of matter, it will remain insensible to your departure!

S———, when next we meet you may be an aged matron, with your venerable husband at your side, who by the aid of

spectacles will look upon me, while you present to him your old friend, and room-mate.

M———, you may have sadly changed. Youth soon will flee; blooming beauty lose its charm; and it behooves us therein to make to ourselves something more lasting than transient beauty and tinsel ornament.

Do you remember the time we gaily danced and sung, "Three blind mice?" So soon as we heard the approaching footfall of Miss B———, as a shield of defence we retreated, under the characteristic of the quiet little mouse, while with suppressed laughter and aching sides we watched the innocent look, and stately step of S———, as she neared the door, on opening which, to the inquiry of Miss B——, "Young ladies, what is doing? I thought I heard an unusual noise." S—— replied, "We are as still as mice, madam."

Rest assured, young ladies, were I in reach of you, I would make an impression on your ears that would not be readily forgotten by you, in order to remind you of a duty you owe to me by way of letter writing.

How the spirits will cheer, the heart-strings throb, in the thought of meeting those we love! Let us then indulge in the hope of once again meeting in the vigor of youth.

Here is a whole budget of love, which please bestow upon each in equal portion—not forgetting dear little Mr. H——.

The best wishes of my heart for your health, prosperity and happiness, ever attend you and yours.

A—— A—— P——.

LETTER XXXV.

CHICAGO, July 9, 1857.

DEAR ——:—We had hardly thought, when leaving home, of extending our wanderings to so distant a point. The facility with which one now travels, or whirls, through the country, compared with the snail like movement of the canal packet, when we left the place of our nativity to dwell among strangers, in our present somewhat famed village, needs no discussion.

One can but rejoice with heartfelt gratitude that we are no longer compelled to travel by canal boat or stage coach. Heads subject to being bumped; drivers with frosted noses, feet and fingers; horses jaded and worn; thus in place of pleasure, it became really painful to travel, for where is the heart that can remain untouched by sorrow at the cruel treatment the horse, that noble animal, oft times receives at the hands of its heartless owner? Shame upon the man who can beat and bruise a poor dumb beast, ever faithful and kind. I have sometimes wondered, when considering their strength, that they did not turn upon their persecutors. Such wretches should be made to feel the power of the law.

"Well," say you, "go ahead, I want to hear something about the beautiful West." Very well. We reached Buffalo

about six o'clock of the day we left home. I like not Buffalo! Others there are who do, so I have but little to say about it. Our friends having removed farther West, on the day following we took the cars for Cleveland, which road lies through a portion of country which makes one feel as though they were journeying along the outskirts of creation. By the way, one has a fine horse-back ride on these cars, an antidyspeptic ride. As the cars flew over the jolting rails, the passengers, both small and large, went todling up and down; the ladies making no effort to surpress their merriment; the gentlemen, too, laughing outright. Among the rest there was a crabbed looking old fellow, with a large ivory-knobed cane in hand, who seemed bent upon retaining his gravity. With a little more spring than usual to the cars, the cane danced up, giving him a little tilt upon the nose. At this he grew wrathy, supposing, no doubt, the spirits had got hold of his cane. With a "What you 'bout?" he brought it rather firmly down upon the floor. At this A——— laughed so immoderately that I was compelled to check her, for laugh you know she will, when occasion presents itself. She was now no less pleased than with the story you recollect to have heard her read relative to the young lady of rural habits, but cultivated mind, who becoming disgusted with city aristocracy, determined to shew the folly thereof, by presenting herself, to the mortification of her city friends, in simple, but neat rustic garb, at a soiree, when, dispite her attempts at ignorance, she took captive, unintentionally, to the no small chagrin of many a "belle," the most generous heart that ever beat, acknowledged by all to be the prince of the company.

The only place between Buffalo and Cleveland that looked at all inviting was the famed Erie. The village stands in full view on a rise of ground, at a distance of, perhaps, a quarter of

a mile from the road, presenting an unusually neat appearance.

Now we are in Cleveland, with which I should have fallen in love were it not for dust and smoke, for both of which I have a particular aversion. The coal universally used is bituminous, sending forth a thick black smoke, giving to the buildings, stoops and premises a dilapidated appearance. One would suppose the place, in looking from the back windows, to be at least a century old. The rain water during the winter, I am told, becomes very black, requiring to be filtered for use. The coal makes most brilliant and delightful fires. Cleveland contains some very beautiful residences. A church of massive dimensions, the cost of which was eighty thousand dollars, was recently burnt. There are, too, some fine hotels; the tab' waiters, as in some others, are trained to military order, b under what order the bills are brought, I am unable to say, unless it be the razor or shaving order. It is to be hoped that hotel keepers will, ere long, abandon the hideous sounding and nerve exciting gong, for the more pleasing dinner-announcing bell; in the sounding of which, it is true, as in all music, some are better skilled than others.

It is the blessed Sabbath. On our way to church sweet chiming bells arrest our attention. What soft sweet music; a foretaste of the joys of heaven. Now we are in church. The subject which the pastor has chosen, embraces some of my ideas relative to the ministry, but seldom spoken of; but, doubtless, oft times thought upon. Thus I have the good assurance, that in opinion, I am not alone. The services are but half through, and the blackened clouds and muttering thunder give warning of approaching rain, many throughout the house silently retire, but we remain until the close of service, then hasten, with all speed to evade, if possible, the rain. We have just reached the house when large drops begin to

patter, and now comes down a copious shower, washing with a superabundance of clean water the dusty side walks, and leaving in the colorless air a most acceptable and agreeable breeze.

We had a charming interview with my old friend, the wife of lawyer H———. She is much out of health and was making preparations to leave town with her family. To learn that they have a son at college, preparing for the ministry, seemed queer indeed, having not before seen her since her marriage. So soon as we were alone, "O, mother," said G—, "why have you not spoken of this lady and gentleman before to me? How delightful to meet with persons of such elegant literary attainments; to hold daily converse with such would be bliss indeed."

We had a serenade by the Boston Brass Band, whose playing was exquisite. We held our breath, lest a single soft note should be lost on the night air.

Monday morning, nine o'clock. Adieu! beautiful Cleveland! God rule in and reign over the hearts of thy men in authority! We chose the early train in order to reach Chicago in time to take the evening boat for Milwaukie. The road, in order to save expense, having been laid through the poorer portions of the land, there is a most provoking monotony, which fails to arrest the attention. When one does see a farm house, it generally looks as though the people were only squatters; only staying for the time being. I have often wondered why it was that farmers so seldom manifest taste or pride in laying out the grounds about the house. How frequently, about a farm house we see land run to waste, which, with but little expense, might be made to bloom in almost perennial glory. Man hugs to his bosom the golden ore, crushing therefrom the very balm of life, instead of cultivating the aromatic plants, producing in and

about his dwelling a soothing, soft fragrant smell, of mitigating and assuaging power to heal and lull the ruffled nerves after the day's toil.

At Toledo we change cars, at the depot of which place I must needs lose a gold piece. If it has only got into the possession of a needy one, I care not. The cars to which we are transferred, are clean, and that you know to be a luxury. As we approach Chicago, I felt as though we were nearing some strange heart-tie, because my dear E——— had spent here a year, and I could wish he now were here. Now we are driving through the noisy business streets of Chicago.

Ten o'clock, P. M., on the boat "Planet," which landed us safely in Milwaukie, at six and a half o'clock in the morning, and with which place I am disappointed. I am told the greater portion of its inhabitants are Irish and German. It is noted for high winds even at this season of the year. The winds were blowing, and dancing the dust so ungallantly as to render it unpleasant for a lady to walk the streets. Our friend kindly showed us by carriage drives the interesting portions of the city. A massive hotel is building, the front of it embracing the whole length of the block, which, when completed, will require such an outlay for furniture, and such an array of servants, that I am at a loss to imagine how it is to be supported.

How oft by stern necessity, we are called upon to resolve upon a course of action, positively repugnant, nay, absolutely grievous to ourselves; seriously painful to our own hearts. The truth of this has been newly brought to bear upon my mind, by a circumstance just related to me, about a lad whose conduct had become so reckless, whose ear was so closed to the kind, persuasive admonitions of an indulgent father, that in order to save him from ruin, he was compelled to adopt a

course of action painful in the extreme. O, children, they may see the tears, they may hear the moans, but they can never, no, never, feel the pangs that touch the heart of their loved parents. In the full blaze of prosperity, and through the waywardness of children, up rises the wild winds of adversity. Though life, till its meridian, may be bright, bringing with every year new vigor to the constitution, and no threatening aspect disturbs the placidness of life; yet it behooves us to have a care of the future. Suddenly, towards the going down of the sun, dense clouds may come rolling up like armed giants, the deep hoarse growling of the gathering tempest may unnerve the stalwart man as it bursts like the furious war shout of the charging foe, and the poor soul, riven by the voice of many thunders, lie subdued and broken; and when the dewy wings of sleep have scarcely flung its quiet calm over the senses, the whispering voice of the death angel startles from the soft pillow of momentary ease the broken heart, saying, "Come away; the sands of life have run; loosen thy hold of earth;" and the future, to his eye, looks like one broad sheet of fire—like a vast volcano. Then the shrinking spirit, with an unearthly quiver, hears the saying, and down, down it is impetuously hurried to the regions of dark despair. Thus it is with man, whose aim is no higher than the fashions and follies of earth; the pockets of whose sons are kept stored with change, until they come to set no value upon money, and finally ruin comes in an unexpected moment. How wise then, that ere the senses are paralized by sin, we should become a nation of sensible people; that when the storm of life shall beat, we may be able to brave the tossing surge, unappalled at death's approach, and calmly fell asleep in the arms of our glorified Redeemer.

Mrs. L———, having removed from this place to Chicago, we take the boat this evening, back again. The engine had

no sooner commenced its revolutions, than we began to feel a pitching sensation, and made for our state rooms, and glad were we to place our heads upon the pillows.

Chicago is indeed a very beautiful place. Buildings are being erected in every part of the city. On Michigan Avenue a block of some ten marble residences are nearly finished. In the business part of the city a block of iron front stores are nearly up. A massive and elegant stone church is well on the way, a novel feature in the construction of which is, that there is not a single window in the walls, but it is lighted from above. We saw every nook and corner of Chicago without so much as one hour's walk.

Cottage Grove, a drive of about three miles, is beautifully romantic. One may drive through its broad intersecting lanes for miles; its loveliness, relieved by numerous little white cottages, scattered here and there, contrasting beautifully with its forest groves, reminding me of Lubin's "Rural Cot." Though no shelter here we sought, we'll bless the day we wandered mid cot and forest grove. It is here the corner stone was laid on the fourth, for the Chicago University, the grounds of which were given by the noted Judge Douglass. Delegates of the Masonic Lodge were present, and the stone was laid with the exercises usual in that order.

I cannot express to you my pleasure at meeting with dear Cousin Will ———. When last we met in the city of New York, he was just bidding adieu to childhood, and the halcyon days of peace lit up his brilliant eye with joyous hopes of the future. Now, grave manhood has settled upon him and a silver thread peeps from out his dark wavy looks, and a strife arose between a smile and a tear to know which should predominate as my eye first fell upon him. Now, father, mother and sister, all, save one, sleep in Greenwood Cemetery. Then

each strove to bless and love him most. Now, a happy being divides with him his sorrow, and in loving confidence each cherishes the other's heart—then, no lady-love laid claim thereto.

Together we enjoyed an animating drive of some five miles to "Lake View." Here we leave the road and slowly wheel along the sandy margin of Lake Michigan. How beautiful; O, how beautiful it is in its unruffled moments, as calmly it reposes in its deep bed; but anon, when the storm king shall arise, and in angry passion shatter in ten thousand fragments, rolling and upheaving its now peaceful bosom, what a terrifying aspect it will wear, what awful sublimity will heave and unfold its glassy robe!

Alas! the poor Indian! who once paddled the light canoe. The dip of their oars is now unheard; the embers of the council fires have gone out, and the bark of the Indian dog has ceased to echo in the forest. Their wigwams are burnt; the cry of the hunter has died away; the title of their lands to them is lost; the tribes scattered; the remnant driven to the far West! Such were my reflections, as I gazed on the placid bosom of this beautiful lake.

Farewell to Chicago! its enterprising inhabitants and generous hearts; its lofty edifices and brilliant gas light; its silvery lake and azure sky. Farewell, to the elegant mansion where we tarried with its hospitable and beautiful mistress, and little warbling Jenny, not forgetting the gay prancing ponies, with Frank, the coachman, who afforded us so much pleasure. Farewell to Chicago! as we take the last view. Farwell! perhaps, forever.

We took the Michigan Central Railroad cars to the Suspension Bridge. Distance, five hundred and ten miles. Fare,

thirteen dollars each. Distance to Rochester, five hundred and eighty miles; Albany, eight hundred and two.

There is nothing very attractive on this road, unless it be that we, the passengers, held, magnetically, the power of dust and smoke attraction, with which we were much annoyed. Our complexions deepened some three shades, and glad were we once more to test the gift of glorious water.

The baggage arrangements on all the Western routes are very fine. A checkman comes on the cars, and exchanges checks with you for whatsoever place you please, so that one has no further trouble.

We survived the night, getting little snatches of sleep in the cars. When the gray morn awoke in its glory, a gentle breeze sprung up in the tree's tops, from behind which the sun was just emerging. Then we knew by the spray that so densely arose, that thundering Niagara was near. Now we are on the bridge, over which the cars pass very gently. In structure it is very beautiful, its fine finish will bear no more comparison with ordinarily built bridges, than a school boy's daub with a finely finished, artistic painting. In hight it is two hundred and sixty-four feet, and its distance from the Falls is two miles, while one would suppose, in looking from the bridge, it was not more than a half mile. The view one has from the bridge is more than splendid, it is positively sublime, as it rolls and leaps in one broad green emerald sheet down the high precipice, terminating in snow white foam, rushing headlong in everlasting thunder.

Suffer me to go back a bit. I noticed on the road, before reaching Detroit, frequent patches of trees entirely dead, of an ashy, bleached hue. The cause puzzled me, so I ventured to enquire of a gentleman, who said, "This is the way they clear the land." It is done by making a circular incision, like a belt

through the bark of a tree, entering the soft part containing the sap, which, when wasted, the tree dies. The advantage of which I am still ignorant, unless it be that when dried, they are burned while standing.

Rochester, although at present some of its streets present rather an uninviting aspect in consequence of the erection of some splendid bridges, and the repairing of some of its streets, is very beautiful. Brick and mortar, stones and sand, weary men and worn horses meet you at every turn. The Court House is one of the most imposing buildings I ever looked upon. There are many other fine buildings. Our friend has a lovely location, some twelve acres, teeming with bright blooming flowers of every hue, while abundance of luscious strawberries lay hid beneath the running vine, filling the air with fragrance.

We visited Mount Hope Cemetery, which for rural beauty cannot be surpassed, but for elaborate monuments is far behind Greenwood. This is no disparagement. The grounds cover one hundred acres, from the highest summit of which one has a view of Lake Ontario.

So universal has the recklessness of the youth of the present day become, that one cannot enter a city, village or hamlet without hearing some sad story of broken hearted widowed mothers, or parents driven almost to their wits end in consequence thereof. It is no unusual, but an almost every day remark: "They have a great deal of trouble with their son." And it is high time that the reason should be made a subject of investigation. Men are fanatics in the wild chase after wealth, of far more importance to them, than the presentation to society of moral, virtuous young men. No wonder that the young lady exclaimed on hearing of a very wicked act having been committed by a young man, "O, I wish Satan were

dead! I would ring the bells both loud and long. He is so busy with the hearts of men and boys."

Husbands, it is to be feared, do not devote their leisure hours to their families. They impose too heavy a burden upon the mother. They divide not with her the task of bringing up the children. If, through her untiring care, she be enabled to deter their sons from the fashionable follies of young men, it is well; if not, fathers exempt themselves from all blame and responsibility.

A word about boarding schools. In conversation with a gentleman who plainly avowed he had but little experience therein, he came out in sweeping animadversion against the whole system, saying that, though to all outward appearance, everything was very strictly conducted, yet no young lady left boarding school with morals uncorrupted. This assertion, to a lady whose daughters had been educated at a boarding school, and who could, conscientiously, testify to the untruthfulness of such a declaration, was, in my opinion, a breach of politeness. If, perhaps, I had a half dozen daughters to educate, and my purse should prove inadequate, I, too, might indulge in invidious remarks, and thus satisfy that passion, or peculiar uneasiness, which arises from the fear that another will enjoy some advantage which we desire for ourselves.

It is true, as in all things, boarding schools, may not *all* have reached an elevated standard, through the influence, profound scholarship, and assiduous attention of its principal, yet it is useless to assert, where such an one, (and such there are,) bears rule, morality and virtue, do not predominate to the refinement and elevation of its pupils.

It is universally conceded, that *all* are not qualified, by education and nature, for so responsible a position. The arduous task of a teacher is but inadequately appreciated. To

be sure, to some it is a pleasant task, but all wish to feel that a just valuation is put upon their merits and patience. Let us have, then, occasionally, by way of public demonstration of regard, a silver presentation, where one for years has labored in a community to the satisfaction of its inhabitants.

Silver or other presentations are sometimes got up, and presented to theatrical performers for a well acted tragedy, which has already been a reality. What folly! Can any real good possibly be derived therefrom? No! It only familiarizes the mind with fatality of a frightful character, and thus prepares it to receive, unshocked, crimes the most desperate. Thereby, too, the villian is taught how to evade detection, and thus vice is engendered to the everlasting ruin of tens of thousands.

Let man learn to value the *true* source from whence springs life's greatest, purest joys, and a new view of pleasure will be opened.

As for mothers, let them step in the shade, and hide behind a cloud. We were created for just such trials, and if we cannot pass, uncomplainingly, the ordeal, we deserve no credit, no token of sympathy. At least, so says the husband. Let us then gather strength from eternal promises, and ask not for reward on earth, for as surely as our Father dwells in heaven, if we faint not, they *shall* be given. When we shall have finished our task, and our house is set in order, the bridegroom will call for us, and a radiant smile of glory illumining his face, he will place upon the head of every faithful one a brilliant crown, saying, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," and the heart will thrill with unutterable pleasure, such as human nature could never have endured.

LETTER XXXVI.

TO INFLUENTIAL YOUNG LADIES.

THE morning dress of many ladies unfits them to take an interest in their household affairs, being too expensive to run the risk of soiling. Thus they will wander from window to window, time dragging heavily, body languid and listless, in the vain hope that some equally restless spirit will drop in to relieve the terrible tediousness of time.

Ladies, you have much on which to reflect. In order to support you in your indolent and extravagant habits, your husbands indulge in grasping propensities, and drive their scheming plans with far seeing sagacity. Thus the honest, upright man, the glory of our country, is driven thereby to madness and to suicide; and I have often wondered if, with some, conscience, that innate principle—the faculty or power of knowing right from wrong—was not lost. At least a terrible excitement must be kept up to drown its authority, as delivered by its direct and silent impulse.

Unjewel, then, your fingers, and unloop your morning skirts. Now your figure is less ungraceful and divested of a few skirts your spirits are more free. Now, if you choose, put on a pair of gloves, and, broom in hand, go to work. Throw up the

sash, open the blinds, and brush away the dust. Turn and overturn your bedding. A little water, too, about the bedstead crevices would do them no harm. You will sleep none the less comfortably. Having neatly replaced all, remove the dust from under the bed and from the corners of the room, and brush away the cob-webs from the ceiling. Now wash the water-spattered dust from off your marble wash stand top, and remove the water-crusted dirt from the bowl. Now it has a more agreeable appearance, and, my word for it, the exercise has done you good. Now you may step into the kitchen, and see that Betty is not too lavish with wood. These warm days you had better save by your own inspection, and give, when the cold approaches, to the destitute. Take a look into the buttery. See that things are unwasted, and in a neat condition. No matter, though Betty frown.

Now, if you please, make yourself more presentable, and devote the remainder of the morning to literature. I do not mean to read trashy novels.

There are ladies, (and I speak what I know,) who appear in their silk morning dresses, wrought slippers—two, three, and even more, servants at their bidding—to whom a little study would do no harm.

Said a gentleman, in conversation with a very elegantly dressed lady, "Mrs. A——, have you ever read Shakspeare?" "Oh, yes," she replied, "I like it much. Who's the author of Shakspeare?"

Ladies, were some of you to see me, I dare presume to say, you would imagine your position so high that it could not readily be reached, for I am a housekeeper; and I sometimes iron; when I choose, I wash; I sometimes bake, and then again, I sew; I sometimes read, and occasionally write; and, once in a while, I play lady. But I have something to say, to

you, confidentially: I intend to raise my standard equally high with any of you; so firmly and deeply planted as to be able to resist the squalls of adversity. Do not laugh now, for after all, I confess that I like aristocracy—the *true*, *pure* aristocracy—the heaven born, the honest, upright, magnanimous soul, whether found in a mansion large, or in a cottage small, he is my companion and my friend.

An opposite and equally wrong course of action is that of a mother in the more humble walks of life, whose highest ambition is, that her daughter dance well and attend parties, with her dress sufficiently trailing, and bustle large enough to excite the no small amusement of many. Poor, silly woman! She toils and worries over the hot stove, wearing her precious life away, in order that her husband and daughter may enjoy society. Jealous, too, at times, even to weeping; still, on and on she toils. Poor thing! I pity you. It was the opinion of JOHN ANGELL JAMES, that a man should regard his wife above all within his house; that she should take precedence not only above all strangers, but above his children also. He adds, "How especially unbecoming for a man to pay more attention to grown up daughters than his wife." Yes, indeed! How ridiculous, too, for young ladies and the father to enjoy society, while the mother drudges in the kitchen, occasionally called, as waiting maid, to arrange a ribbon or some other frivolous thing.

Young ladies, permit me to say that such conduct is dishonoring your mother, usurping her rights, and doing to yourself no credit in the eyes of sensible people. You are in duty bound to share with her labor and society. By a contrary course you are laying up for yourselves sad reflections in the future, which will scatter pleasures as with a whirlwind, as memory sweeps over the long vista of the past, and leaves you

in fancy, standing in the room, where your mother, while you were flitting away time in the company of the no less indolent, toiled over the hot stove in making preparation for your company, till link after link of life's brittle chain gave way, until strength prostrated, she sinks to rise no more, and strong arms, with solemn tread bear her to her final rest; and when you shall stand by her lone grave, and watch the waning shadows on the polished marble, you shall remember the past. Regard then, with due attention and solemn thought, the happiness of your mother. Never impose upon her a task which belongs to you to perform, and observe with keen eye her waning health. Not for all the society you covet, suffer her to be overtaxed. Let it be observed of all, that you value, above all earthly things, the health and happiness of your mother, and in life's future it will awaken naught but emotions of the purest, sweetest pleasure.

Who that has not yet learned, that an undue, excessive desire to entertain company, making exertion to go beyond one's means, bending health, and family duties thereto, does not in the sequel work mischief, if not, final ruin?

Young lady! you must not put up your pretty lip, in the supposition that I wish to deny to you all the pleasures of society. O, no! It would be taking from you one of the exquisite pleasures of life. But it must be the right kind, at a proper time, and in a proper place, not trespassing on other duties. "There is a time for all things," and one duty should never be made to clash with another.

How varied are a mother's positions in life? There are some upon whose bosom is ever beating the storm of disappointed hopes, whose gentle heart's strings are left quivering on the brink of life, by the dagger thrusts made by dissipated, reckless children. Poor mother! remove the sadness that veils

thy face, repress each rising sigh and bid the trembling tear-drop retreat to its crystal cell, for the angel spirit, in the form of thy little one, shall sooth the throbbing emotions of thy heart, and smooth thy pathway to the tomb.

LETTER XXXVII.

DEAR FRIENDS:—Now that the obscuring clouds, which for months had held a sullen appearance, above the wild mania of speculation and fast living, have, with a tremendous crash, burst upon us, paralyzing every department of labor, and crushing a number of the largest mercantile and manufacturing establishments in the country, while banks have suspended specie payment, agitating every honest heart, it becomes us to enquire, "Upon what era have we come?" Cheat and deception, artifice and cunning, jealousy and treachery, meet one at every turn. Was there ever a time when public confidence was so betrayed? Unto whom shall we look for safety? One can scarce take up a paper but the heart is pained by the exposition of crime connected with the name of some one hitherto ranking among men in the higher walks of life, as officers of public trust. What is to be done? What can be done to restore integrity and virtue, moral soundness and genuine purity?

That man, upon whose soul is stamped eternity, should so tarnish its purity as to suffer his name to sink to the dregs of dishonor—sold, as in many cases, for paltry gold to party principles, is a wonderful mystery.

Let us take a retrospective view, and learn, if possible, what

has caused this wild commotion, men running to and fro, weeping, in some cases, like children, and deeding over their property to their wives, in order to save themselves from destitution. My spirit is indignant, and I pray God, the time may not be distant, when pure minded, honorable legislators will stand firm, their integrity bowing low to no man.

A law that will give to a man power to transfer to his wife property that is justly due another, who has been swindled, is an unjust law, and a disgrace to our statute books.

And now ladies, when you shall become helpmeets, in place of help-ruins, to your husbands, we shall see a better state of things. Dissuading, by your economical habits, their impetuous, headlong rushing into business far beyond their means, and teaching your daughters that the reputation for wealth their fathers enjoy, is not enough to carry them safely through life. It is necessary that they, themselves, be the authors of their own happiness, in order to secure which, they must become in some way useful.

Teach them to feel the day is wasted whose twilight hours chronicle no progressive knowledge, or elevated thought, seen in exhibitions of soul nobleness. Cheer the poor by acts of love, or at least wishes for happiness.

It is absolutely ridiculous, to see young ladies, novel in hand, lolling away the precious morning hours, while the wages of several servants are on the increase, the father often driven to cunning trickery, in order, perhaps, to evade a just claim, by an honest man.

Aristocracy! I wonder when we shall be able to make the proper definition of that so terribly precious word! "I have had," says a lady, "a little taste, and I like it." Well, you are welcome to it, until, at least, it put on a more beautiful dress.

Why! O, why! so crave the reputation of being rich? What! pray what, so valuable is there to be gained? To be sure, some secure to their daughters, shiftless dandies, as husbands, and a profligate's grave to their sons. But, O, give me that gem of heavenly birth that bears us on with easy grace through life's stormy sea.

Upon whom, at such a time as the present, falls the calamity heaviest? On the working class, of course. Large capitalists in most cases, even though they fail, have their houses elegantly furnished, their lives well ensured, secure endorsers to their notes, and their wives laugh over the times, while many lie idle, whose wages were just sufficient to secure the necessaries of life. And what, pray, are they now to do? The fact is, under the present system, one man monopolizes business. Oh! man; where is your generosity? You are never satisfied. If you have enough and to spare, why, in place of sharing with the needy, waste in the most profligate manner possible? There is need of retrenchment, and even among the working class. There are too many silk dresses worn, and too much rich cake baked in the days of prosperity. Mrs. ——— it is quite unbecoming for you to dress your children in such a manner. Take off those gaiters from the feet of your little girl; good calfskin shoes are far more becoming in your circumstances. A gold watch for a girl of from sixteen to eighteen is ridiculous. It is time people should learn to dress according to their circumstances, in place of laying out all they can grasp and saving nothing for a rainy day.

"The poor," said the Saviour, "ye have always with you." Some of necessity are poor; others from sheer shiftlessness, and some through mismanagement and foolish pride. For the last I have but little sympathy, though I pity their folly. Our world is filled with the unfortunate, the afflicted, the down-

trodden and oppressed, whose sorrows it is our duty to relieve. May the cloud that has just shadowed the horizon of the opulent serve as back ground to bring out in glowing, bold relief, the charities of the magnanimous, and thus refute the rising charge, that sympathy with the writhing pangs of the oppressed, responsive springs in no man's breast.

I have said that I am not so ultra on the slave question as many. Let me explain myself: What I meant was this, that I had no disposition to tear, in a rash manner, either property or opinion from the possession of another. Every one has an equal right to his or her prejudice. Unexamined opinions bias the mind, and give it an unreasonable bent, and it is unfair to attempt to compel one to yield an inherited opinion. To attempt to force subjugation, arouses indignation and roots the evil only the deeper. One can see at once, to convince the people of the South of the evil of slavery, requires argument, kind and persuasive, and reasonable discussion.

That slavery is a sore evil, is evident; but how is it to be eradicated? That is the question. Surely, not by extending it into new territory; the effort then should be to limit it to its present domain, and then convince, by kindness, our Southern friends, that we have acquired the habit of putting into practice what we preach, and thus distinguish ourselves, by an application of the remedy we prescribe, and scorning contemptible stratagem.

The destiny of the future lies coiled in unforseen turmoil, out of which, if guided by the ear of reason, joy and gladness, prosperity and peace, may flow.

One year, having now flown on the swift wing of time since the last exciting presidential question was decided, the other three will soon have passed. Then we will plead for John and Jessie, when you "rally at the polls."

Let the press keep before the people a question of such vital importance, which, in order to determine, will require unsophistical minds, descending far below the surface of ordinary intellects, and penetrating deeply into the consequences in the future. Thus, in place of party promotion and self-interest, by which he suffers himself to be deluded, the result would be glorious.

The name of Fremont! Let it never *die!* The modest, unobtrusive, intrepid, danger braving, unshrinking, fearless Fremont! Hear his magnanimous reply to the electoral decision of 1856. "God grant that Mr. Buchanan may make a better President than I should." Let the people try him next time. We have reason to believe he will prove faithful to his trust. He has evinced his determined spirit, in securing to himself his treasure of a Jessie. The people's confidence in relying on his integrity, veracity, sound principle, and beautiful friendship, we have reason to believe would not be misplaced.

Thus we plead. "Give us John and Jessie, when in 1860 you may 'rally at the polls.'"

LETTER XXXVIII.

A PLEA FOR THE SAILOR.

WHILE we mourn the condition of the poor slave, we have no less reason to sigh over the hapless fate of the poor sailor. No "sweet home" on *terra firma*, knows he; heart sick he bids "farewell to the land," and seeks refuge mid the winds on the stormy deep. Poor sailor! His condition is not bettered. Kicks, blows, and horrid oaths fall like hail stones on his devoted head. Driven by oaths and beating up the tall mast; mid-way, in his first effort, his heart sickens and his head reels, when he attempts a retreat, but, onward and upward he is heartlessly driven. Now and then the vision of one darkens ere he reaches the topsail's giddy height, and his hands bleeding from the corded ropes, lose their hold, and he is dashed upon the deck below. A few agonizing heart throbs, and life has left its clay tenement, and returns to God who gave it. Now his comrades gather around, wrap a rude winding sheet about him, while tears, as pure as ever coursed the cheeks of a lady fair, roll, in large drops down the sun-bronzed faces, and in solemn silence, they lift over the ships

side the dead body. Beneath its pressure the heavy waters part, and it quivering, sinks down, down, to its place, while the grief of the comrades would draw tears from the stoutest heart.

Oh! sailor! poor sailor! sad is thy fate! Lacerated hands and aching head, bleeding back and frosted limbs, hard names and more cruel fare, is the poor requital you meet for the sleepless nights and intolerable toil, and disabled limbs, the sacrifice you make in order to bring safely into port vessels richly laden with silks, laces, jewelry and luxuries. O, that sensible people would contribute more for thy comfort, and less to miserable puppet shows and demoralizing theatres.

Poor sailor, many are the trials, and dangers with which you must grapple, and which, in order to shun, you must fly, as you are not sufficiently armed to make battle, and so you spread sail and ply the oar, and pray that the merciful winds of heaven will waft you far away. Drunkeness and bad company are equally ruinous to the sailor, and if addicted to one, it is almost certain you cannot escape the other. It is best, then, to shun both. "He that walketh with wise men, shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed." Select, therefore, the best sailors you can find as companions. And if, at any time, you may fall into the company of those who would dissuade you from virtuous paths, leave, so soon as possible, companions so dangerous. Be firm and take the advice of King Solomon, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." Abstain from all intoxicating drinks. What say you? Will you not be a cold water man? It is your only refuge. You need not be told that there are perils to be encountered on land as well as sea. Having escaped the perils of the ocean, as with a light heart you spring from the vessel, shun, I entreat you, habitations, the inmates of which lead

you on to ruin, where a full purse and comfortable clothes are exchanged for tattered garments, and you wander without home or friend.

Again, you return on ship board, and when on a bright moonlight night, you stand on the deck of the vessel, the stars looking lovingly down upon you, and flickering shadows wreath the tall masts, then bitter, in place of sweet reflections will come to you. Bend now in humble supplication the knee to him who directs the howling wind and restrains its fury—who arouses the sleeping ocean, and again quiets it to slumber; and though no earthly friend you know, if you will but ask, he will draw you by love chords, and you will find it sweet to feel that you have a friend who will never leave nor forsake you. And when bright morn awakes, throwing its shining glory on the boundless sea, new beauty to you, will gleam thereon, as the gallant ship ripples the wave.

God speed the sailor to His throne! Though the act to thy soul be a new one, angels will rejoice, as trembling words from thy lips ascend.

With what avidity one catches at a letter from a long absent friend. No tarrying moments are lost in breaking the seal; after just glancing at the superscription, with hasty, and sometimes trembling fingers, we unfold the loved missive, running the eye quickly over its contents, every line of which awakes anew some sleeping memory, or gives joyful intelligence. Then we return to the commencement and read, more slowly, and carefully, line by line, in which we find fresh expressions of love.

Poor sailor boy! What shall I say to you, in order that you may feel, as you read, that the writer is your friend? That she is honestly laboring for your good, which impression upon

your mind, is almost indispensable in order to persuade you to listen, profitably, to my advice.

Well, sailors, believe me, that I often think of you. When the pelting night-storm beats, and the howling winds sigh a requiem through the lane that bounds my sleeping apartment, then I think of the poor sailor. In fancy I see the ship tossed like a thing of naught, upon the bounding billows; mid violent wind squalls, shivering and benumbed you stand, reefing and making fast the sails, manfully contending for the ship's safety with the battling winds. At other times I see you, brought in cringing submission to the presence of first mate and cruel captain, and though it humbles for the time being, it only hardens and thickens about the heart a coat of cruel depravity; and I imagine you holding this book in your hand, enjoying a moment's respite, sitting upon a coil of rope, looking wonderingly up to your comrade, and asking "Has the writer, think you, no relative whose home is the rolling deep?" No, sailor; no, not one, but I want to save your precious soul, from sin and from everlasting destruction.

If you will but dash from your lips the bowl of intemperance and forbear taking God's name in vain, if you will break away from evil companions, and read the Bible, the heavenly chart, and in your sorrowing moments pour out your complaints to Jesus—and a better friend you will never find—no matter, though rough your hands, and coarse your garb, though you are beaten and bruised, when life shall close and your anchor be safely cast, faith will look beyond the starry skies, and bright angels in attendance will bear you to the heavenly gate, where the Saviour will greet you with a welcome, as glad as though you had been an earthly prince.

What shall be done? What can be done to mitigate the suffering of the poor beaten sailor? Modify, I beseech of you,

O captain and mate, your severity and render less intolerable the condition of your poor serviles. Look in benevolent compassion upon, and speak kind, persuasive words to assuage the painful toil under which, day by day, they labor.

Rest assured, O man, unless the genial rays emanating from the pure fount of eternal love, shall soften your stony hearts, ere the silver chord be loosed, and the golden bowl be broken, the vial of wrath, in the hand of the Master above, will break, and no hiding place will you find to screen you from its burning contents.

LETTER XXXIX.

DEAR FRIENDS.—The summer is past, and winter with its ice chain is upon us, and though we wrap our garments more tightly about us, a convulsive shudder seizes us. Mr. Frost, pencil in hand, drapes our windows with beautiful curtains, between whom and Mr. Caloric, a contention arises as to who shall predominate. Mr. Frost is kept in the back ground, until the bright lustrous flame, throwing out from coal grate, and polished stove, a radiating heat, as mid-night advances loses its intensity and gradually sinks into sluggish slumber, when wide awake Mr. Frost takes the ground, but when morning light returns and gloriously springs up from the eastern horizon to gladden the benighted earth, it stimulates activity in Mr. Caloric, and they make battle, each struggling for the victory. Poor Mr. Frost, woman like, is overpowered, and retires, bathed in a flood of tears.

Alas! autumn brought with it sorrow to many a heart. Failures, disease and mourning to hundreds of thousands. In our large cities, men who ranked as millionnaires when the summer opened, have seen their hopes and riches wing suddenly away. Some, by dishonest efforts, may retain their wealth, only, perhaps, to wreck their honor.

Many who began the season in the full bloom of beauty, have, with the early flowers, perished; and friends are now robed in the sombre attire of grief and mourning. It is meet that those who passed unscathed the ordeal of misfortune, the wing of the death angel having not so much as touched them should offer a prayer of thanks to infinite wisdom who has dealt thus gently and graciously with them.

To me it has long remained a profound wonder, in what way people managed to live so extravagantly, indolently and recklessly. The mystery is now, to some extent, solved. In a measure it may be attributable to the miserable "credit system." Were men to pay down for all they purchase, we should see less display of jewelry, heavy silks, elaborate embroidery, fewer large houses, inordinately furnished, and the number of "white kidded livery," greatly diminished. When gentlemen, too, shall learn to do homage on public occasions, and at fashionable places of resort, to the truly meritorious woman, passing by the flauntingly dressed, silly woman, who in a blaze of jewelry, sit as in a magnetic circle, to attract weak minded men, then the vanity of women will be greatly suppressed and her thoughts directed to a higher, nobler sphere.

Gentlemen, if, by your attention, you will encourage that class of ladies, upon whom alone you may confide in your disponding moments, greater advantages will result to your domestic happiness, and your public welfare, than you imagine.

Men act in extremes. The inferior position in which some compel their wives to move is equally pernicious to the health, happiness and prosperity of both, as is the false chivalry, and morbid flattery, played by another class, to the destruction of every generous impulse, springing up by nature, in the breast of woman.

Gentlemen, commence now, I pray, the work of infusing a healthy spirit of public opinion relative to the domestic and social merits of woman. It is to you we shall commit the defining of the transition period as to which class of ladies may be best worthy the homage of your hearts. The silly, over dressed, unintellectual, children neglecting, care shunning, or the women who make true wives and mothers, adding fresh attraction to her qualities, giving new force to her already tested virtues, and vindicating her rightful claim upon the love and attention of both husband and children. Every hour of life she needs their warm affection to requite the daily toil and restore the jaded spirit with which she struggles. Thus she feels the necessity of continually drawing upon your sympathy, that in those trying moments, when intense depression overwhelms the soul, she may lay her weary head upon your sorrow dispelling bosom, instilling by your soothing words a sweet influence, and her anguish silently sinking into a rapture of joy. Thus you will redeem her

> "From sin and flirtation, from reckless outlay—
> From indolent habits and naughty display."

Happy are they who live so conscientiously, that when the tocsin of adversity sounds, though sudden as the bugle blast that arouse the huntsman to the chase, they have the consoling reflection that no dishonorable calling accumulated, neither extravagant indolent habits wasted. Though sympathy, the kind promptings of a generous heart, may withhold its balm, it is sweet to feel that one has a better than any earthly friend, who, though he chasteneth, doeth all things well. The valley of humiliation is a better place, than that of parents, the jeweled fingers of whose son grasp with untrembling nerve the forger's pen, while yet they loll in the lap of luxury. The poor crushed being in yon lone cot, the staggering footfall, and

half uttered oaths of whose son or husband, heralds their approach, at the midnight hour, suffers with pangs worse than those of adversity.

Dear friends, winter is now upon us, having sacrificed to its withering influence the sweet perfumes of the "last rose of summer," and scattered to the winds its falling petals, strewing the ground with yellow leaves, symbols of man's final end, in whom there is to be a total and lasting cessation of all the living functions, when life shall have ceased to act and all susceptibility is lost.

As winter, with its whitened fall, advances to wrap the earth for a time, still and cold, in its winding sheets, though all may be sunshine, sadness will steal on the soul with sombre thoughts, and one will feel a subtle shadow, an indefinite, incomprehensible something, a mysterious foreboding of coming events; and while deep solemn thoughts are revolving in the mind, gleeful words and merry ringing laughter, coming from warm susceptible hearts, will help cast off the spell which binds our spirits.

As the grey earth unconsciously sleeps in the icy embrace of winter until, in due time, it awakes, springing up with elastic power and new vigor, and casting off her winter apparel, is clothed in spring attire, rousing the dormant powers and sleeping energies of man, so, also, shall man be laid in the still tomb, until the resurrection day, when the trump of God shall sound, louder than ten thousand thunders, "Come to Judgment! Come away!" In view of which, O reader, "prepare to meet thy God."

It is meet that we should turn our attention to the condition of the poor. We should study, as one studies a painting, or a complicated and brilliant piece of music, what our feelings would be were we reduced to extreme want. Behold the

ragged-skirted, frail figure that passes your door, and then cheat yourself if you can, as you revel in luxury, of the bliss of doing good. As night after night, in your pleasant drawing-room, music trembles on the strings of your instruments, let the truth bear heavily upon your heart that many, very many need, in order to sustain life, the waste fragments that fall from your delicate hands. And when arrayed in gorgeous robes you waltz away the hours mid the glare of gas-light, remember, that without, the winds howl, and the blast enters every crevice of yonder humble cot, chilling the blood as it struggles in the veins of the poor outcast, as she lifts her low voice in supplication to the Most High. It is to be hoped, that the entertainments of pleasure given by the wealthy during the winter, will be without refreshments, and the money thus saved will be given to the poor. And when death shall set its signet on the brow, a radiant smile shall illumine the face, telling to all around that attendant angels wait to bear the soul to God.

A LEAF FROM MY ALBUM.

THOU hast been among us, Stranger, like a beam of evening light,
Which bursts one moment on the view, then vanishes from sight.
And few have looked upon thy face, and none have known thee well,
Still joy was in thy greeting word, and grief in thy farewell;
And I have only met thy glance, but glances are my books,
Thus I have learned to read the thoughts by dwelling on the looks.

Alas! how few are read aright! Still I must think that thou
Hast borne thy feeling in thy smile—thy heart upon thy brow.
There is no dimness in that eye, no shadow on its ray;
As though the happiness of youth had not yet passed away,
As though the life had ever been to thee a fairy scene
Of flowers, whose hues are ever bright—whose leaves are ever green

And thou hast loved. I cannot think thy vessel's rowed thus far
On the calm ocean of thy life, without a guiding star;
There's too much soul in that sweet eye to deem that thou hast not
One cherished flower to guard within thy bosom's holiest spot:
Thy bosom holds its treasure still—may hopes as pure as those,
Which bless the morning of thy life, smile on its evening close.

S. A. B———.

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